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The Mansion of Mystery

BY CHESTER K. STEELE

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CHAPTER VII.

One of the Profession.

Counterfeit bank bills!" gasped the ung man. "And in Mr. Langmore's session! Taken from his safe! What s it mean?"

That remains to be found out."

This is—is astounding! You don't spect that he was in the habit—I an that he——" Raymond Case did know how to go on.

It's too early to form a conclusion. t one thing is certain, the counter- its were in his private safe, and from accounts that safe had not been ened since his death. Consequently must have placed them there."

don't believe he dealt in counter- ts," returned the young man blunt-

Facts are stubborn things to over- me. Down in the town I learned t Mr. Langmore used to be a com- atively poor man. All his wealth s come to him in the past six ars."

He made his money out of his pat- s and out of various other schemes." All of his wealth has come to him the past six years," pursued the de- tive. "I happen to know something out these counterfeits, which the eral authorities have been trying trace to their source. The first of se bogus one hundred dollar bills peared about six years ago at a nk in Brooklyn."

The heart of the young man sank thin him, and as he spoke his lips gan to quiver.

Mr. Adams, are you going to give s news to the world at large—to United States authorities—are you ng to brand Margaret's father as a unterfeiter, or a passer of queer ney? If you do that, even if you ar Margaret, you'll break her heart."

I am going to do nothing at present keep on investigating. We have yet reached the end of this string any means. Did I not tell you that other opened the safe?—a fellow who been acting queerly ever since I ught sight of him? He is connected th this complicated affair, although w will remains to be seen."

Who was the man?"

He gave his name to the policeman Jack Watkins."

I never heard that name before. w does he look?"

Adam Adams described the fellow utely, but Raymond Case shook his d.

I can't place him. But that is not range," he added. "I know very few s in this neighborhood."

Do you know a man named Matlock les?"

Not very well—I met him once en he was calling on Mr. Langmore business. He is an Englishman. rly well to do, who lives in an old onial house on the Harper road, a le and a half, I should say, from re."

Do you know what business this les had with Mr. Langmore."

I don't remember very well—but ld up, yes, I do. He owed Mr. Lang- re some money. The two put rough some sort of real estate deal."

How much did Styles owe Mr. Lang- re?"

I don't know exactly, but it was a rge amount, fifteen or twenty thou- nd dollars."

What sort of a man would you take his Styles to be?"

Oh, he is a big, overbearing English- an, one of the kind with mutton-chop iskers and a red nose. He is a great ap for fast horses, and I've heard he s quite a stable of them over to his ace. He is also a dog fancier."

Has he been here lately?"

I don't know. Perhaps Margaret uld tell you. But what has this to —"

Nothing at all, perhaps. In the safe ith the bankbills were some mort- age papers given to Mr. Langmore by e Matlock Styles. But the two may t have the least connection with ch other."

The two had been walking away from e house and now the detective turned ck. As he did so he thought of the it of paper he had picked up in the rubbery. He struck a match with e hand and held up the slip with the her. It was a memorandum, running follows:

$7,000	
5,000	
3,000	
$16,000	
.03%	
$480.00	

Adam Adams studied the memoran- um with interest. The amounts at the p were those of the mortgages given y Matlock Styles to Barry Langmore. idently somebody had figured out hat the interest would be at 3 per ent.

What is that?" asked Raymond ase.

A bit of paper I picked up around ere. It doesn't seem to amount to ything. But I think we had better art now, Mr. Case. If I have any- ing to report I'll see you tomorrow the Beechwood Hotel."

The pair separated, and Adam Adams atched the young man disappear wn the road, the latter feeling that e ought not to interfere with the work the man he had engaged to unravel e mystery. In deep thought the de- ective went back to the neighborhood the mansion and stationed himself here he could get a look at the li- rary windows.

Adam Adams felt that the case was owing deeper and deeper. The find- g of the counterfeit banknotes in arry Langmore's safe was astonish- g. Where this thread of the skein ould lead to he could not imagine.

I seem to be uncovering more than I ergained for," he mused. "If the man as innocent of all wrong-doing why don't he turn those bills over to the thorities? Were he alive we should rtainly say he was caught with the ods. If this comes out it will create as much of a sensation as the murder itself."

Two hours went by and still the de- tective kept to his past. He was used to waiting—had he not waited in the bitter cold three hours to clear that poor Jew?—and he knew that sooner or later the man calling himself Jack Watkins would reappear.

A light flared up in the library and then was turned lower. He crept to the window and looked in as before. The strange man was at the safe, working the combination knob backward and forward.

In spite of the seriousness of the situation, Adam Adams was forced to smile. The man worked hurriedly and tried the combination a score of times. He muttered something under his breath which may be omitted from these printed pages. He even got into a heavy perspiration and had to pause to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Hang the luck!" he went on. "I had it open before. What's got into the confounded combination?"

Again he tried to work the figures. But it was all of no avail, and at last he arose, fists clenched and with a fierce full of baffled anger. He stalked around the library, gazed at the strong box several times and then quit the apartment.

Waiting once more, the detective presently saw the man come from the house and walk toward the road. Following, he saw the fellow hurry past the Bardon home and then into a patch of timber. Here he had a horse, and in a moment more would have been in the saddle had not Adam Adams caught him by the arm.

"Hi! what's this, a hold-up?" cried the man, evidently frightened. "Let go of me!" And he tried to pull away and then attempted to draw a revolver from a hip pocket.

"Stop! I am not going to hurt you," was the calm reply from the detective. "I want to talk to you, that's all."

"Really?" came with a sneer. "A fine time of night to hold a man up. Be quick, for I am in ahurry."

"I want you to explain several things to me," went on Adam Adams calmly.

"Explain? To you?"

"That is what I said. You can take your choice. Either explain or consider yourself under arrest."

"Eh? Say, are you crazy?"

"Not at all."

"An officer of the law, I suppose."

"I am—in a way."

"Working on this Langmore affair."

"Yes."

"Have you been following me?"

"I've done more than that—I've been watching you."

"What! How long?"

"Quite a long while. I saw you in the library, twice, and down to the brook."

The man started and was evidently much put out. Then he forced a smile to his face.

"Much obliged for playing the spy," he murmured.

he murmured.

"Down at the brook you had a pair of Miss Langmore's shoes. What were you doing with them?"

"Did you see me with the shoes?"

"I did, and I saw you with the silk shirtwaist."

"Ah! Anything else?"

"I saw you at the safe in the library of the mansion."

"When, now?"

"Now and some hours ago. You may as well make a clean breast of it."

"I will, if you will tell me who you are."

"I am Adam Adams, of New York city."

The strange man let out a hissing sound between his teeth. Then of a sudden he gave a wild, unnatural laugh.

"Shake hands, Mr. Adams," he said, putting out his hand. "I know you by reputation even if not personally. You see, your reputation is so much larger than my own." He laughed again, a sound which grated on the detective's nerves. "I am John S. Watkins, of Bryport. I am connected with the United States secret service."

CHAPTER VIII.

What Cephas Carboy Saw.

There was a brief pause after the man from Bryport made his announcement. Adam Adams tried hard to see his face clearly, but in the gloom this was impossible.

"Perhaps you do not believe me," said John Watkins. "I can easily prove what I say."

"Why shouldn't I believe you?"

"Because you were on the point of arresting me, which proves that you took me to be—something else."

"How long have you been connected with the secret service?"

"About three years. That is why I know you so well.

"Did your work as a secret service man bring you to this place?"

"Excuse me, but that is my business. If you are working on this case, well and good. But it is not fair to try to steal any of my thunder."

"So far as I am concerned you shall get full credit for what you may do in this case, Mr. Watkins," said Adam Adams stiffly. "But I should like to understand several points.

"About the shoes and the shirtwaist, I suppose. I got the shoes from the house to make certain that some footprints on the bank of the brook had been made by Miss Langmore."

"What about the shirtwaist?"

"It was there when I came, and I left it there, as it did not seem to have much of a connection with the affair."

"Do you think you had a right to tamper with the safe in the library?"

"Considering certain circumstances, which I do not intend just now to disclose to you, I think I had a right."

"Did you take anything from the safe?"

"Not a thing. In fact, I couldn't get the safe open. You must know this, if you saw me a while ago."

"You opened the door the first time."

"I do not deny it. The policeman interrupted me and I shut the box up. When I came back the combination had gotten away from me."

There was a pause.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. Watkins, in case I wish to communicate with you again?"

"At Hager's Hotel, in Sidham. But I am on the jump nearly all the time," and the secret service man laughed again. "Anything else?"

"No."

"Then I'll be going. I've got to send a long secret message before I go to bed and it takes time to follow the code, you know that. Good-night," and in a moment more John Watkins was on his horse and riding away at a good rate of speed.

Adam Adams watched his departure with a variety of thoughts chasing each other through his mind. The man must be what he claimed, he had shown his badge on the inside of his coat, and been perfectly willing to prove his words.

"If he is honest, he must be on the trail of those counterfeiters, and perhaps it was my duty to tell him of my discovery," mused the detective. "It is curious how these two cases have wound around each other, or is it all one case?"

Concluding that there was nothing more to be done that night, Adam Adams took himself to the Beechwood Hotel, secured a room, and was soon in the land of dreams. He arose early, obtained his breakfast, and without waiting to meet Raymond Case, started off to interview Doctor Bird, one of the two persons Margaret Langmore had seen go past the mansion about the time the tragedy was occurring.

He found the doctor an individual with an exaggerated idea of his own importance. It was hard to bind him down to tell what he actually knew and it took the detective the best part of an hour to learn that the physician knew nothing of real importance.

A short while later Adam Adams learned that the farmer who had been seen going past the mansion was named Sephas Carboy. He was a strange individual, of no education, who lived on a hillside road, running some distance to the rear of the Langmore house. When the detective arrived there he found a boy sitting under a tree smoking a short clay pipe. The farm was a neglected one, the house about ready to tumble down, and in the dooryard were half a dozen dirty and ragged children, who scrambled out of sight on the approach of a stranger.

"Good morning," said Adam Adams cheerfully. He saw at a glance that the fellow before him was a thoroughly shiftless character.

"Mornin' to you," was the short response.

"This is Mr. Cephas Carboy?"

"Cephas Carboy's my name—aint much of a mister to it," and the man grinned feebly.

"You're the man I want to see, Carboy," and the detective took a seat on a log close by.

"Want to see me? What fer? I don't know you."

"I want to see you about that Langmore murder."

The shiftless man started and withdrew his pipe from his mouth with trembling fingers.

"I didn't have nuthin' to do with that. They can't pitch it onto me nohow! I came past the house, that's all I did. I didn't go inside the gate, I didn't. It was Miss Longmore did that murder—or else Mary Billings."

"Did you see anybody around the place when you went past?"

"Not a soul."

"What were you doing around there?"

"Are you an—an officer?"

"Perhaps I am. Anyway, you had best answer my questions."

"I went down to Hopgood's place, to sell some fish I had caught—Mr. Hopgood can prove it. Then I came straight home."

"Which way did you go to get to Hopgood's?"

"Took the road yonder, around the hill, and crossed the brook at Peabody's bridge—Peabody can prove that, too. He was out in the hayfield and saw me."

Adam Adams took a look at the road mentioned. At a turn there was a cleared spot through the woods and a fair sight could be caught of the rear of the Langmore mansion and of the automobile shed.

"Come here," he called to Cephas Carboy, and when the shiftless man had shuffled up, he continued: "You say you walked this way. When you got to this spot did you happen to look over to the Langmore house?"

"I—er—I did."

"What did you see? Come now, tell me the exact truth," and Adam Adams put as much of sternness as possible in his tone.

"I saw—See here, I don't want to get in no trouble, I don't. I'm a peaceful man, an' I tend to my own business, I do. You ain't a-goin' to drag me into court."

"I don't want to get you into trouble, Carboy—but I must know the truth of this. I take it that you are poor. Am I right?"

"Humph! Do I look like I was rollin' in wealth?"

"Then a five dollar bill means something to you, eh?"

The shiftless man opened his eyes widely.

"Does it? Say, I ain't had a fiver in my fist fer a month, two months! Farmin' don't pay, an' it ain't easy to git work outside, the season's been that poor. If you—"

"Tell me all you know, and perhaps I'll give you five dollars."

"Ain't foolin'?"

"No. There's a dollar on account," and the detective passed over the bill. The shiftless man clutched it eagerly, looked at it to make certain that it was real money, and rammed it into the pocket of his greasy vest.

"Thanks, sir," he murmured. Then he ran his hand through his somewhat matted hair. "Mind now, I can't give you this fer dead certain," he commenced.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I think it happened, but I can't swear to it. That house is putty far off, remember."

"What do you think you saw?"

"I saw a man run across the garden. He had a satchel in his hand and he was in a hurry. He slipped and fell and his hat rolled off. Then he got up, put on his hat, and I lost sight of him behind the bushes."

"How did the man look?"

"Wait up, that ain't all. I'm certain of that part of it, but I ain't so sure of the rest. I waited here a minit, because my wife was calling to me to git some groceries when I came back. I just started to fill my pipe when I looked over there again and I saw a man run from the automobile shed to the house. The bushes was in the way, but hang me if I don't think he went in by a winder instead of a door."

"You are sure you saw him go toward the house?"

"Yes, that was plain enough, although he seemed to be sneakin' along the bushes."

"Was it the same man?"

"It must have been, but I couldn't see his valise, because he was behind the bushes."

"How did the man look?"

"He was a putty heavy fellow and he was dressed in a light gray suit and wore a soft hat to match."

"Was the valise a light or a dark one?"

"Light."

"Could you see anything else?"

"No."

"Did the man have anything besides the valise?"

"Not that I could see. When he fell and his hat flew off I saw that he had a head of heavy dark hair."

"And you are certain about the suit being a light gray one and the soft hat matched it?"

"Yes, I'm dead sure of that."

"What time was this?"

"About half an hour before I passed the house. I stopped at Peabody's to chat a while before I crossed his bridge."

"Did you ever see the man before?"

"Not that I remember."

"You didn't see him after that?"

"No."

Adam Adams drew out a roll of bills and counted out four dollars, which amount he passed over to the fellow he had been interviewing.

"That makes the five I promised you, Carboy. Now then, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, sir, anything you want."

"I merely want you to keep what you have told me to yourself for the present."

"Oh, that's easy—unless somebuddy tries to git me into trouble."

"I don't think that will happen—if you keep your mouth shut."

"Then I'll be as mum as an oyster," answered Cephas Carboy decidedly.

"I may be along to see you again soon," continued Adam Adams, and then he drove away in the buggy that had brought him to the vicinity.

He allowed his horse to walk, for he was in a more thoughtful mood than ever. He was thinking of a man he had met the day before, in a suit of gray and with a soft hat of the same color. The man had been Tom Ostrello.

To Be Continued.

Morgan Offer to Italy.

New York American.

According to the Italian newspapers, J. Pierpont Morgan has laid before the government a scheme to complete the work of excavation at Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is stated that Mr. Morgan has declared his willingness to undertake the entire task of uncovering Herculaneum at his own expense.

Speeding the Growth of Trees

A METHOD of hurrying trees to their period of fruiting has been discovered at the Government hothouses at Washington. There the men who juggle with living plants have recently succeeded in diverting the vigor of trees that were large and strong, sending their sap coursing and thereby caused those seedlings to do in two years what ordinarily would have taken eight.

Take, for example, the finger lime of Australia, an exceedingly rare plant. Three ears ago it had not a representative in America. About that time, says the Scientific American, somebody sent three seeds of the finger lime to the Department of Agriculture. These were planted immediately, and all grew. As the seedlings were of the lemon family the scientific growers knew that it would require eight years for the finger lime to come into bearing under normal conditions. Eight years is a long time to wait in an experiment.

At just this period the new method of diverting the vigor of other trees into a seedling was in the course of being established. The process is known as "inarching." One of the finger lime seedlings was inarched upon a vigorous two-year-old lemon tree. All the strength of that tree was diverted into the slender shoot. In two years it had ripened its fruit and the scientists were able to judge of its quality. Further, they were supplied with additional seed with which to start new generations of plants.

This shortening of the fruiting time of plants is of inestimable value to the scientific developer of fruits. The breeding of fruits is one of the most fascinating of modern sciences, and the results that are just now being obtained read like the romances of conjurers. The greatest stumbling block in the way of the working out of these modern miracles has been the length of time required in producing successive generations of a given plant. It has often happened that a scientist has died before he has accomplished the end for which he has set out. But now the time is to be cut to one-fourth and the probabilities are that results will be in the coming generation multiplied a hundredfold.

The inarch is accomplished in this way: The seedling is grown to the age of but three or four weeks. It is a weak little plant of but four or six leaves. Nature has stipulated that many years must pass before it comes to maturity, blossoms and bears fruit. Under the inarch process this stripling is taken up with a ball of earth about its roots sufficient to maintain its life for a few weeks. The whole is transferred to a stalwart, vigorous tree of kindred species. This tree may be two or three years old. Its roots are deep. It is supplying sustenance for a top that is a hundred times as large as the seedling.

This is known as the nurse tree. The outer bark is scraped from the side of the nurse tree a foot above the ground. The outer bark is likewise scraped from the seedling. The two wounds are bound together with soft cloth bands. The ball of dirt on the root of the seedling is bound to the side of the nurse tree. In two or three weeks the plants have grown together. The dirt from the roots of the seeding may be removed. It is now drawing its vigor from the nurse tree. Eventually its roots are cut off smoothly below the point of union. The nurse tree has taken the little orphan plant unto itself.

But this is not the end. After the union is thoroughly established the plant juggler cuts the top off the great vigorous nurse tree. Then all the nourishment that was going to its tops is diverted to the single small stem. The result is such growth as nature never knew.

There are scores of experiments which the Department of Agriculture has had under way for many years that have been worked through the slow cycle of generations of plants, but may now be hurried by means of the new method. There is the citrange, for instance. The citrange is a hybrid fruit.

The orange, the grapefruit, the lemon, the tangerine, even that ornamental plant known as the mock orange or Japanese orange all belong to the same family. Their relation is so close that they may be cross bred. Plants may be cross bred by shaking the pollen from the flower of one into that of the other. The process in nature is brought about by bees carrying the pollen from one flower to the other.

So the scientist, wishing to cross certain varieties, prevents the fertilization of the flowers by the bees by putting paper bags over the given blossoms. Then when the time is ripe for the experiment he removes the bags, shakes the pollen from the flowers of the one plant into those of the other and puts back the paper bags. The seeds that result from these flowers will be a cross between the two plants used in the experiment.

This is just what has been done between the ordinary orange and the mock orange. The mock orange is a cold resistant plant. It will grow as far north as New York. The great difficulty with the oranges and citrus fruits in general is that they can grow only in communities not visited by frost. So the scientists have sought to cross the cold resistant branch of the orange family with the branch that produces the best fruit and thus secure a plant that will produce a good fruit and will also grow in a cold climate.

Now a hybrid seed so obtained requires, under the methods of unaided nature, the accustomed eight years to bear fruit.

In the citrange two plant generations have been grown under the old system. The fruit that has been developed will grow anywhere in the Southern states. It takes on the nature of an improved lemon. It will be more nearly a substitute for a lemon than any other of the fruits that we now have.

It is still an ornamental plant and the department of agriculture recommends that people living in the southern states plant the citrange in their yards as ornamental plants and derive the added advantage of being able to pick ripe fruit for citragade or for any of the purposes for which lemons are used from their own gardens at almost any time of the year. There are 10,000 people now growing the citrange trees.

But had the inarch and the nurse tree been in use the citrange would have been passed through eight generations instead of two by this time. The fruit would have been much more highly developed.

The inarch may also be extensively used in rose culture. When scientific plant growers develop a hybrid rose through the same method of cross fertilization they have been forced to wait for years until it came into flower. Some of the most delicate blossoms grow on stalks that are also delicate and slow to develop. Such seedlings may be inarched on the stalk of some sturdy and well-rooted rosebush and vigorously crowded into blossom. Its virtues or lack of them may be sooner determined.

There are those who may say that practically the same things may be accomplished by the old process of budding or grafting. This is, however, not the case. Before a plant may be budded onto another stalk it must have acquired considerable age in order to produce the right sort of buds. The process of budding is most delicate and the results are in question. It is vastly slower than the inarch. It is vastly more difficult. The government plant growers state that any intelligent man, though entirely inexperienced, can readily accomplish the inarch, while the baffling process of budding requires the most exact scientific skill.

The man who has been the moving spirit in the inarch work of the government is George R. Oliver, who has charge of the government hothouses at Washington. Mr. Oliver, like so many of the great gardeners and agriculturists of the nation, is a Scotchman. The greater part of his life has, however, been spent in the United States, and for many years his has been the ceaseless care that has kept the temperatures right in the government hothouses for growing plants that range from the Arctic circle to the equator. The transfusion of the energy of one plant to another is his final success.

MT. M'KINLEY KEEPS RECORD

Mt. Steele in Alaska Found to Be Much Lower.

Washington Post.

Mount McKinley overtops all other peaks on the North American continent after all, despite a report of the discovery of an unknown mountain of about its height in Alaska.

Coast and geodetic survey experts, moved by the statement of Miss Dora Keen, an intrepid mountain climber, the first woman to ascend Mount Blackburn, apparently as high as Mount McKinley, have identified the peak as Mount Steele. Mount Steele is only 16,439 feet high, while Mount McKinley towers more than 20,000 feet. Mount Steele is a little to the eastward of the international boundary in a region not being explored by the international boundary survey parties.

All the mountains in the direction indicated by Miss Keen have been fairly well determined by the survey scientists. Mount Blackburn, from which Mount Steele and other peaks were observed, is 16,140 feet high, 300 feet lower than Mount Steele.

This part of Alaska is rapidly being unfolded to civilization by the pushing forward of government expeditions, which are charting the whole country on the Arctic Ocean. It is a very inaccessible section on the 141st meridian, between Mount St. Elias and Mount Natazhat.

Underground Passages in John D. Rockefeller's New House

THERE will be secret underground passages in the new house which John D. Rockefeller is building on his estate at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown. Mr. Rockefeller has not told what the passages are for, but at the end of one of them is a little underground den so protected that a man might safely stand a siege there for an indefinite period.

This is the most interesting feature of the new house, work on which started a year ago. It seems proper to call it a new house, for though it will really be the old house remodelled the cost of the alterations will exceed $1,000,000 and the house will have to stand tenantless for more than two years. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller are living in the Kent homestead upon the estate.

The underground passageway and the den are the more interesting because of the peril that has existed for the workmen on the Rockefeller place in the past few months. There have been 13 holdups of employes by bandits, who have in most cases got very little for their pains. Some of the men have been severely beaten and otherswise injured, and nearly all of the hundreds of Italians employed on the estate have lived for weeks in a state of terror due to threats.

The trouble is supposed to have started with the discharge of some Italians who were inefficient workmen. Special threats against his life have been conveyed to Mr. Rockefeller's superintendent. As a result armed men constantly patrol the estate and Burns detectives are stationed at many points. Big dogs—not bloodhounds, but chiefly Great Danes—are kept on leash, and only the other day one could see the spectacle of a negro foreman pacing slowly up the driveway with a Great Dane on leash and glancing at the bushes on either side of the road as he went. Ahead of him went two men with rifles who threshed through the underbrush to avoid the possibility of ambush. In the negro foreman's hip pocket a big revolver bulged.

That Mr. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., are seriously worried by this state of affairs goes without saying. Within the last week there have been rumors that threats of vengeance and demands for money accompanied by threats of personal violence have been conveyed to John D. Rockefeller himself.

The chief of the underground passageways now being built in connection with the big house leads under an open courtyard down a flight of stairs and under a rim of the terrace in front of the house for a short distance to a point where you descend three steps. At the head of these three steps is a great steel and iron door with heavy bolts and a combination lock of a character ordinarily found only on a safe in a banking institution.

If this door is opened you descend the steps, proceed a little further in the same direction away from the side of the house and then turn at a right angle facing toward the back of the house, but well to one side of it and underneath the open courtyard. A few steps further brings you to a fair sized vaulted room.

The use to which this room will be put is a question that Mr. Rockefeller has not yet answered. Whether it is to serve as a purely precautionary refuge to be used only in an emergency or not he does not say. But the massive door that guards it indicates that he also designs it for any emergency that might arise.

In the remodelling of his house Mr. Rockefeller started with the idea of getting into it ten guest rooms, which had to be eliminated from the plans when the house was built. The way in which they came to be left out is interesting.

When fire destroyed his old house Mr. Rockefeller decided that the building with which he would replace it must leave nothing to be desired in the way of air, light, beauty and comfort. So he took personal charge of the preliminary arrangements and constructed a working model of the house.

He knew that he wanted his new building to occupy the top of the hill on the estate and he wanted it built in such a way that he would get sunlight in his favorite rooms at certain hours. He had his model of the house placed upon a turn-table on the site where the new home was to stand. Mechanism in the model of the house made it possible for Mr. Rockefeller seated within it to turn it about by means of levers.

He made many experiments and finally composed a time table after he had learned when the sun would shine in each room. Having completed his calculations he gave the time table that he had constructed to his architects and told them to go ahead. Mr. Rockefeller's daily scheme of life was the basis of the time table.

It provided that he should have sunlight in his dining room in the morning and at noon, the only times when he wanted it. His office as built would have the sunlight between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon—exactly his requirement. He wanted his own bedroom dark between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon when he takes his daily nap after working in his office. The time table and model of the new house took care of that.

The architects submitted estimates based on the time table, and it was in making alterations to these estimates that Mr. Rockefeller felt himself obliged to sacrifice the ten guest rooms. It is said that these rooms will cost about $100,000 each to work into the scheme of the house, this because the new apartments will not in the least impair the symmetry of the structure nor upset the novel lighting arrangement of the existing rooms.

Mr. Rockefeller's house as it stands is a large three-story building of brick and stone with a gable roof, slated. It doesn't belong to any style of architecture, although features of the style are colonial. It will probably be four stories high when the remodelling is finished.

Facing the entrance to the estate is an elaborate series of miniature cascades and pools. One of the pools is a fish pond and another is for swimming. A third, called the wilderness pool, is serpentine and more or less ornamental.

Three hundred feet from the house is a building called the playhouse for the Rockefeller grandchildren. A sort of tunnel or half sunken covered passageway, which also communicates by a row of steps with the little pools on the hillside, already connects the playhouse with the residence. Along the hillside thousands of fir trees and shrubs and plants, some of them imported specimens that cost as much as $2,000 each, have been planted. More than 1,000 men are employed on the estate.

The Carpet from Bagdad

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XIV.

Mahomed Offers Freedom.

Fortune had slept, but only after hours of watchful terror. The slightest sound outside the tent sent a scream into her throat, but she succeeded each time in stifling it. Once the evil laughter of a hyena came over the dead and silent sands, and she put her hands over her ears, shivering. Alone! She laid her head upon the wadded saddle-bags and wept silently, and every sob tore at her heart. She must keep up the farce of being brave when she knew that she wasn't. The men must not be discouraged. Her deportment would characterize theirs; any sign of weakness upon her side would correspondingly depress them the more. She prayed to God to give her the strength to hold out. She was afraid of Mahomed; she was afraid of his grim smile, afraid of his mocking eyes; she could not sponge out the scene wherein he had so gratuitously kicked Horace in the side. Horace! No, she did not believe that she would ever forgive him for this web which he had spun and fallen into himself. Two things she must hide for the sake of them all; her fear of Mahomed and her knowledge of Ryanne's trickery.

What part in this tragedy had the Arab assigned her? Her fingers twined and untwined, and she rocked and rocked, bint her lips lay down, sat up and rocked again. But for the exhaustion, but for the insistent call of nature, she would never have closed her eyes that night.

And her mother! What would her mother believe, after the scene that had taken place between them? What could she believe, save that her daughter had fulfilled her threat, and run away? And upon this not unreasonable supposition her mother would make no attempt to find out what had become of her. Perhaps she would be glad, glad to be rid of her and her questions. Alone! Well, she had always been alone.

The only ray of sunshine in all was the presence of Jones. She felt, subtly, that he would not only stand between her and Mahomed, but also between her and Ryanne.

"Hush!" whispered George. "Don't let her see you like this. She mustn't know."

"You don't understand," replied Ryanne miserably.

"I believe I do." George's heart was heavy. This man was in love with her, too.

Ryanne struck the tears from his eyes and turned aside his head. He was sick in soul and body. To have walked blindly into a trap like this, of his own making, too! Fool! What had possessed him, unually so keen, to trust the copper-hided devil? All for the sake of one glass of wine! With an effort entailing no meager pain in his side, he stilled the strangling hiccoughs, swung round and tried to smile reassuringly at the girl.

"You are better?" she asked.

There was in the tone of that question an answer to all his dreams. One night's work had given him his ticket to the land of those weighed and found wanting. She knew; how much he did not care; enough to read his guilt.

It appeared to George that she was accepting the situation with a philosophy deeper than either his or Ryanne's. Not a whimper, not a plaint, not a protest so far had she made. She was a Roland in petticoats.

"Oh, I'm bashed up a bit," said Ryanne. "I'll get my legs in a day or so. Fortune, will you answer one question."

"As many as you like."

"How did you get here?"

"Don't you know?"

George wasn't certain, but the girl's voice was cold and accusing.

"I?"

"Yes. Wasn't it the note that you wrote to me?"

Ryanne took his head in his hands, wearily. "I wrote you no note, Fortune. I have never written you a note of any kind. You do not know my handwriting from Adam's. In God's name, why didn't you ask your mother or your uncle? They would have recognized the forgery at once. Who gave it to you?"

"Mahomed himself."

"Damm him!" Ryanne grew strong under the passing fit of rage. "No, don't tell me to be silent. I don't care about myself. I'm the kind of a man who pulls through, generally. But this takes the spine out of me. I'm to blame; it's all my fault."

"Say no more about it." She believed him. She really hadn't thought him capable of such baseness, though at the time of her adbuction she had been inclined to accuse him. That he was here, a prisoner like herself, was conclusive evidence, so far as she was concerned, of his innocence. But she knew him to be responsible for the presence of Jones; knew him to be culpable of treachery of the meanest order; knew him to be lacking in generosity and magnanimity toward a man who was practically his benefactor. "What does Mahomed want?"

"The bally rug, Fortune. And Jones here, who had it, says that it is gone."

"Vanished, magic-carpet-wise," supplemented George.

"And Jones would have given it up."

"And a thousand like it, if we could have bought you out of this."

"Jones and I could have managed to get along."

"We shouldn't have mattered."

"And would you have returned to Mr. Jones his thousand pounds?"

"Yes, and everything else I have," quite honestly.

"Don't worry any more about the rug, then. I know where it is."

"You?" cried the two men.

"Yes. I stole it. I did so, thinking to avert this very hour; to save you from harm," to George, "and you from doing a contemptible thing," to Ryanne. "It is in my room, done up in the big steamer-roll. And now I am glad that I stole it."

Ryanne laughed weakly.

Said George soberly: "What contemptible thing?" He recollected Mahomed's words in regard to Ryanne as the latter lay insensible in the sand.

Ryanne, quick to seize the opportunity of solving, to his own advantage, the puzzle for George, and at the same time guiding Fortune away from a topic, the danger of which she knew nothing, raised a hand. "I bribed Mahomed to kidnap you, Jones. Don't be impatient. You laughed at me when I laid before you the prospectus of the United Romance and Adventure company. I wished to prove to you that the concern existed. And so here is your adventure upon approval. I thought, of course, you still had the rug. Mahomed was to carry you into the desert for a week, and by that time you would have surrendered the rug, returned to Cairo the hero of a full-fleged adventure. Lord! what a mess of it I've made. I forgot, next to his bally rug, Mahomed loved me."

The hitherto credulous George had of late begun to look into facts instead of dreams. He did not believe a word of this amazing confession, despite the additional testimony of Fortune, relative to Ryanne's statements made to her in the bazaars.

"The biter bitten," was George's sole comment.

Ryanne breathed easier.

"Why not tell Mahomed at once, and have him send a courier back for the rug?" suggested Fortune.

"By Jove, that clears up everything. We'll do it immediately." George felt better than he had at any stage of the adventure. Here was a simple way out of the difficulty.

"Softly," said Ryanne. "Let us come down to the lean facts. If that rug is in your room, Fortune, your mother has discovered it long before now. She will turn it over to your estimable uncle. None of us will ever see it again, I'm thinking. The major knows that Jones gave me a thousand pounds for it." Struck by a sense of impending disaster, Ryanne began to fumble in his pockets. Gone! Every shilling of it gone! "He's got that, too; Mahomed; the cash you gave me, Jones. Wait a moment; don't speak; things are whirling about some. Over nine hundred pounds; every shilling of it. We mustn't let him know that I've missed it. I've got to play weak in order to grow strong. * * * But they will at least start up a row as to your whereabouts, Fortune."

"No," thoughtfully; "no, I do not think they will."

The undercurrent was too deep for George. He couldn't see very clearly just then. The United Romance and Adventure Company; was that all? Was there not something sinister behind that name, concerning him? He looked patiently from the girl to the adventurer.

Ryanne stared at the yellow desert beyond. His brain was clearing rapidly under the stimulus of thought. He himself did not believe that they would

send out search parties for himself or for Fortune. He could not fathom what had given Fortune her belief; but he realized that his own was based upon the recollection of that savage mood when he had thrown down the gauntlet. Now they would accept it. He had run away with Fortune as he had boldly threatened to do. The mother and her precious brother would proceed at once to New York without him. He had made a fine muddle of it all. But for a glass of wine and a grain too much of confidence, he had not been here this day.

Mahomed, himself astir by this time, came over to the group, leisurely. The three looked like conspirators to his suspicious eye, but unlike conspirators they made no effort to separate because he approached. He understood; as yet they were not afraid of him. That was one of the reasons he hated white men; they could seldom be forced to show fear, even when they possessed it. Well, the three should know what fear was before they saw the last of him. He carried a kurbash, a cowhide whip, which he twirled idly, even suggestively. First, he came to George.

"If you have the Yhiordes, there is still a chance for you. Cairo is but fifty miles away. Bagdad is several hundred." He drew the whip caressingly through his fingers."

"I do not lie," replied George, a truculent sparkle in his eyes. "I told you that I had it not. It was the truth."

A ripple of anxiety passed over Mahomed's face. "And you?" turning upon Ryanne with suppressed savageness. How he longed to lay the lash upon the dog!

"Don't look at me," answered Ryanne waspishly. "If I had it I should not be here." Ah, for a bit of his old strength! He would have strangled Mahomed then and there. But the drug and the beating had weakened him terribly.

"If I give you the rug," interposed Fortune, "will you promise freedom to us all?"

Mahommed stepped back, nonplussed. He hadn't expected any information from this quarter.

"I have the rug," declared Fortune calmly, though she could scarcely hear her own voice, her heart beat so furiously.

"You have it?" Mahomed was confused. Here was a turn in the road upon which he had set no calculation. All three of them!

"Yes. And upon condition that you liberate us all, I will put it into your hands. But it must be in writing this time."

A white man would have blushed under the reproach in her look. Mahomed smiled amiably, pleased over her cleverness. "Where is the kisweh?"

"The kisweh?"

"The Holy Yhiordes. Where is it?"

"That I refuse to tell you. Your word of honor first, to bind the bargain."

Ryanne laughed. It acted upon Mahomed like a goad. He raised the whip, and had Ryanne's gaze swerved the part of an inch, the blow would have fallen.

"You laugh?" snarled Mahomed.

"Why, yes, a bargain with your honor makes me laugh."

"And your honor?" returned Mahomed fiercely. He wondered why he held his hand. "I have matcher trickery against trickery. My honor has not been called. I fed you; I gave you drink; in return you lied to me; dishonored me in the eyes of my friends, and one of them you killed."

"It was my life or his," exclaimed Ryanne, not relishing the recital of this phase. "It was my life or his; and he was upon my back."

Fortune shuddered. Presently she laid her hand upon Mahomed's arm. "Would you take my word of honor?"

Mahomed sought her eyes. "Yes, I read truth in your eyes. Bring me the rug, and my word of honor to you, you shall go free."

"But my friends?"

"One of them." Mahomed laughed unpleasantly. It was an excellent idea. "One of them shall go free with you. It will be for you to choose which. Now, you dog, laugh, laugh!" and the tongue of the kurbash bit the dust within an inch of Ryanne's feet.

"What shall I do?" asked Fortune miserably.

"Accept," urged Ryanne. "If you are afraid to choose one or the other of us, Jones and I will spin a coin."

"I agree," said George, very unhappy.

"Have you any paper, Jones?"

George searched. He found the dance-card to the ball at the hotel. In another pocket he discovered the little pencil that went with it.

"You write," said Mahomed to Fortune.

"I intend to." Fortune took the card and pencil and wrote as follows:

"Mother—Horace. Mr. Jones and I are prisoners of the man who owned the rug, which you will find in the large steamer-roll. Give it to the courier who brings this card. And under no circumstances set spies upon his track." In French she added: "We are bound for Bagdad. In case Mahomed receives the rug and we are not liberated, wire the embassy at Constantinople and the consulate at Bagdad. Fortune."

She gave it to Mahomed.

"Read it out loud," he commanded. While he spoke English fluently, he could neither read nor write it in any serviceable degree. The note he had given to Fortune had been written by a friend of his in the bazaars who had upon a time lived in New York. Fortune read slowly, slightly flushing as she evaded the French script.

"That will do," Mahomed agreed.

He shouted for one of his boys, bade him saddle the hagin or racing camel, which of all those twelve, alone was his, and be off to Cairo. The boy dipped his bowl into the kettle, ate greedily, saddled the camel, and five minutes later was speeding back toward Cairo at a gait that would bring him there late that night.

Fortune and George and Ryanne watched him till he disappeared below a dip and was gone from view. In the minds of the three watchers the same question rose: would he be too late? George was cheerful enough thereafter, but his cheerfulness was not of the infectious kind.

At noon the caravan was once more upon its way. Ryanne was able to ride. The fumes of whatever drug had been administered to him had finally evaporated, and he felt only bruised, old disheartened. An evil day for him when he had set forth for Bagdad in quest of the rug. He was confident that there would be no rug awaiting the courier, and what would be Mahomed's procedure when the boy returned empty-handed was not difficult to imagine. Mahomed was right; so far honor had not entered into the contest. According to his lights, the Arab was only paying coin for coin. But for the girl, Ryanne would have accepted the situation with a shrug, to await that moment when Mahomed, eased by the sense of security, would naturally relax vigilance. The presence of Fortune changed the whole face of the affair. Mahomed could have his eyes and heart if he would but spare her. He must be patient; he must accept insults, even personal violence, but some day he and Mahomed would play the final round.

His past, his foolish, futile past; all the follies, all the petty crimes, all the low dissipations in which he had indulged, seemed trooping about his camel, mocking and gibbering at him. Why hadn't he lived clean like Jones there? Why hadn't he fought temptation as he had fought men? Environment was no excuse; bringing-up offered no palliation; he had gone wrong simply because his inclinations had been wrong. On the other hand, no one had ever tried to help him back to a decent living. His mother had died during his childhood, and her influence had left no impression. His father had been a money-maker, consumed by the pleasure of building up pyramids of gold. He had never reasoned with his youngest-born; he had paid his bills without protest or reproach; it was so much a month to be written down in the expense account. And the first-born had been his natural enemy since the days of the nursery. Still, he could not acquit himself; his own arraignment was as keen as any judge could have made. Strong as he was physically, brilliant as he was mentally, there was a moral weakness in his blood; and search as he might the history of his ancestors, their lives shed no light upon his own.

In stating that his face had been granted that dubious honor and concern of the perpetrators of the rogues, gallery, he had merely given rein to a seizure of soul-bitterness. But there was truth enough in the statement that he had been short in his accounts many thousands at his father's bank; gambling debts; and in making no effort to replace the loss, he was soon found out by his brother, who seemed only too glad to dishonor him. He was given his choice: to sign over his million, due him a year later (for at this time the father was dead), or go to prison. The scandal of the affair had no weight with his brother; he wanted the younger out of the way. Like the hot-headed fool he was, he had signed away his inheritance, taken a paltry thousand and left America, facing imprisonment if he returned. That was the kind of a brother he had. Once he had burned his bridges, there came to him a dozen ways by which he could have extricated himself. But once a fool, always a fool!

Disinherited, outcast, living by his wits, ingenious enough; the finer senses calloused under the contact with his inferiors; a gambler, a hard drinker periodically; all in all, a fine portrait for any gallery given over to rogues. And he hadn't worried much over the moral problem confronting him, that the way of the transgressor is hard. It was only when love rent the veil of his fatuity that he saw himself as he really was.

Love! He gazed ahead at Fortune under the mahmal. That a guileless young girl as she was should enchain him! That the sight of her should always send a longing into his soul to go back and begin over! His jaws hardened. Why not? Why not try to recover some of the crumbs of the fine things he had thrown away? At least enough to permit him to go again among his fellows without constantly looking behind to note if he were followed? By the Lord Harry! once he was ought of this web of his own weaving, he would live straight; he swore that every dollar hereafter put in his pocket should be an honest one. Fortune could never be his wife. He came to this fact without any roundabout or devious byways. In the first place, he knew that he had not touched her; she had only been friendly; and now even her friendship hung by a thread. All right. The love he bore her was going to be his salvation just the same; and at this moment he was deadly in earnest.

It was after nine when they were ferried across the two canals, the fresh water and the salt, several miles below Serapeum. The three weary captives saw a great liner slip past slowly and majestically upon its way to the Far East. She radiated with light and cheer and comfort; and all could hear faintly the pulsations of her engines. So near and yet so far; a cup of water to Tantalus! At midnight they made camp. There was no palms this time; simply a well in the center of a jumble of huge boulders. The tents were pitched to the southwest, for now the wind blew, biting from the land of northern snows; and a fire was a welcome thing. This was Arabia; Africa had been left behind. Here they awaited the return of the courier, who arrived two days later, dead tired. The persons to whom the card had been sent had sailed for Naples with the steamer Ludwig. Mahomed turned upon the three miserables.

"I have you three, then; and by the beard of the Prophet, you shall pay, you shall pay! You have robbed and beaten and dishonored me; and you shall pay!"

"Am I guilty of any wrong toward you?" faltered the girl. Her mother had gone. She had hoped against hope.

"No," cried Mahomed. He laughed. "You are free to return to Cairo. . . alone! Free to take your choice of these two men to accompany you. Free, free as the air. . . . Well, why do you hesitate?"

CHAPTER XV.

Fortune's Riddle Solved.

Fortune, without deigning to reply, walked slowly to her tent and disappeared within. She looked neither at Ryanne nor at George. She knew that George, his soul filled with that unlucky quixotic sense of chivalry which had made him so easy a victim to her mother, would not accept his liberty at the price of Ryanne's, Ryanne, to whom he owed nothing, not even mercy. And if she had to ask one of the two, George would have been the natural selection, for she trusted him implicitly. Perhaps there still lingered in her mind a recollection of how charmingly he had spoken of his mother.

She could have set out for Cairo alone: even as she could have grown a pair of wings and sailed through the air! The fate that walked behind her was malevolent, cruel, unjust. She had wronged no one, in thought or deed. She had put out her hand confidently to the world, to be laughed at, distrusted, or ignored. Was it possible that a little more than a month ago she wandered, if not happy, in the sense she desired, at least in a peaceful state of mind, among her camellas and roses at Mentone? Her world had been, in this short time, remolded, reconstructed; where once had bloomed a garden, now yawned a chasm; and the psychological earthquake had left her dizzy. That Mahomed, now wrought to a kind of Berserk rage, might begin reprisals at once, did not alarm her; indeed, her feeling was rather of dull, aching indifference. Nothing mattered now.

But Ryanne and George were keenly alive to the danger, and both agreed that Fortune must go no farther.

Ryanne, under his bitter raillery and seeming scorn for sacred things, possessed a latent magnanimity, and it now pushed up through the false layers. "Jones, it's my funeral. Go tell her. You two can find the way back to the canal, and once there you will have no trouble. Don't bother your head about me."

"But what will you do?"

"Take my medicine," grimly.

"Ryanne, you are offering the cowardly part to me!"

"You fool, it's the girl. What do you and I care about the rest of it. You're as brave as a lion. When you put up your fists the other night, you solved that puzzle for yourself. For God's sake, do it while I have the courage to let you! Don't you understand? I love that girl better than my heart's blood, and Mahomed can have it drop by drop. Go and go quickly! He will give you food and water."

"You go. She knows you better than me."

"But will she trust me as she will you? Percival, old top, Mahomed will never let me go till he's taken his pound of flesh. Fortune!" Ryanne called. "Fortune, we want you."

She appeared at the flap of the tent.

"Jones here will go back with you. Go, both of you, before Mahomed changes his mind."

"Miss Chedsoye, he is wrong. He's the one to go. He was hurt worse than I was. Pride doesn't matter at a time like this. You two go," desperately.

Fortune shook her head. "All or none of us; all or none of us," she repeated.

And Mahomed, having witnessed and overheard the scene, laughed, a laughter identical to that which had struck the barmaid's ears sinisterly. He had not studied his white man without gathering some insight into his character. Neither of these man was a poltroon. And when he had made the offer, he knew that the conditions would erect a barrier over which none of them would pass voluntarily. So much for pride as the Christian dogs knew it. Pride is a fine buckler; none knew it better than Mahomed himself; but a wise man does not wear it at all times.

"What is it to be?" he demanded of Fortune.

"What shall I say to him?"

"Whatever you will." Ryanne was tired. He saw that argument would be of no use.

"All or none of us." And Fortune looked at Mahomed with all the pride of her race. "It is not because you wish me to be free; it is because you wish to see one of my companions made base in my eyes. I will not have it!"

"The will of Allah!" He could not repress the fire of admiration in his own eyes as they took in her beauty, the erect, slender figure, the scorn upon her face and the fearlessness in her great, dark eyes. Such a woman might have graced the palace of the Great Caliph. He had had in mind many little cruelties to practice upon her, that he might see the men writhe, impotent and helpless to aid her. But in this tense and dramatic scene, a sense of shame took possession of him; his pagan heart softened; not from pity, but from that respect which one brave person gives free-handed to another.

Mahomed was not a bad man, neither was he a cruel one. He had been terribly wronged, and his eastern way had but one angle of vision; to avenge himself, believing that revenge alone could soothe his outraged pride and re-establish his honor as he viewed it from within. Had the courier returned with the Holy Yhiordes, it is not impossible that he would have liberated them all. But now he dared not; he was not far enough away. To Bagdad, then, and as swiftly as the exigencies of desert travel would permit. One beacon of hope burned in his breast. The Pasha might be deposed, and in that case he could immediately dispose of his own goods and chattels and seek new pastures. It would come hard, doubly hard, since he never could regain the position he was to lose.

To Be Continued.

RIGHT HOME

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it, too, contains the drug caffeine.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

A Mo. physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says:

"I wish to add my testimony in regard to that excellent preparation—Postum. I have had functional or nervous heart trouble for over 15 years, and a part of the time was unable to attend to my business.

"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavour than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments which will be the most valuable answers:

If some one who reads the Farmstead will give me cure for ringworm I would consider it a great favor.—D., Greenspring, O.

I would like to have some reader of these columns give me a receipt for a remedy that will destroy fleas on cats and dogs. Also recommend a cure for mange on animals.—C., Pittston, Pa.

In gathering seed corn from the field would it not be alright to stretch some wire and tie the ears of the corn for seed to the wire, leaving the husks on it until the corn is dried out? Will some one answer this who knows?—L., Sunbury, O.

Another Thistle Remedy.

Seeing in the Farmstead a request for a method of eradicating Canadian thistles I will recommend the following: Cut each plant off with a hoe about four inches from the ground. Put in the hole a handful of salt and about one-half gill of kerosene. The salt will go to the end of the roots and the thistles will be exterminated for good.—D., Huntertown, Ind.

Colic in Horses.

Some time ago I noticed a request from a reader for curing colic in horses. We have a very valuable mare subject to colic. We always use tincture of asafoetida by putting one tablespoon in a pint of warm water. Give the horse this solution and it is sooner swallowed when the animal begins to get better. This is a very sure remedy and it is our belief that it will cure on every occasion if given in time.—H., Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Canning Tomatoes.

I noticed in the Farmstead department that some reader wanted to know why her tomatoes did not keep when canned. There may be several reasons; the cans may not have been thoroughly sterilized, the tomatoes were not cooked enough or not salted enough, they were not kept in a cool dark place, or the air was not allowed to escape from the can before sealing. I will send directions which I have followed in canning for 12 years, and I seldom lose a can.

I sterilize the cans and lids, invert the former to allow the water to drip out and place them in the warming oven of the range where they will keep warm until I get ready to use them. I pear the tomatoes like I do apples, cutting the large ones in halves and leaving the small ones whole. I put them in a stew kettle with one-half gallon of water and let it come to a boil when I add a tablespoon of salt and enough tomatoes to fill a one-half can or two quart cans. Let the tomatoes boil until they look as if they were thoroughly cooked, and skim well. Place the can in a saucepan of boiling water, first making sure that the can is as hot as the water or you will have a broken can. Lift the tomatoes into the can with a tablespoon, taking care that they won't drop into pieces any more than can be helped. Fill in with sufficient juice, running the spoon around inside the can while filling as it allows the air to escape. When the juice runs over the side of the can wipe off the rim with a damp cloth, put on the rubber and seal, covering the cans with a large heavy cloth. After they have been sealed about a half an hour look over the various cans and tighten the tops. Sometimes I go over them the second time for this. Then set them in a cool place and cover with paper.—M., Woodman, W. Va.

Weeds Cause Loss.

The Wisconsin State Conservation Commission is showing up the importance of the weed question. In the matter of quack-grass the commission finds that, of 499 farms, 228 are infested to the average extent of three and one-third acres. More than half these farms have patches of Canada thistles, the average of which reaches the surprising area of more than five and one-half acres per farm. Wild mustard exists on 112 of these farms to an average extent of 20½ acres per farm. A weed census is a new thing for a state to take, so far as we know; but the Wisconsin census indicates that one acre in every 20 in that state is seriously infested with noxious weeds. A huge loss in land, in labor and in produce.

Whitewashing Trees.

Just now is the time for whitewashing the trunks of the orchard trees, to ward off borers and to keep the bark smooth and healthy. A good wash is made from three pounds of the best stone lime, one bar of shaved laundry soap dissolved in a quart of boiling water and one-half pint of crude carbolic acid.

Place the acid and the lime in a pail and pour over them the dissolved soap. This will start the lime to slacking. Then add small quantities of cold water—not enough to flood the lime, but just enough to keep it boiling violently until slacking is completed. When slacked add sufficient water to make about two and one-half gallons of the mixture. The wash should be about the consistency of thick paint. Make up a fresh lot as needed. Apply with a cheap paint or whitewash brush.

The soil should be removed to a depth of three or four inches at the base of the tree, and an examination made for the borers. If the dustlike borings betray them, dig them out with a pocket knife or thrust a piece of small wire into the burrowings and kill them. If the trees are young the bark of the trunk and larger branches should receive a good rubbing with an old leather mitten, worn on the left hand. On old trees the scaly bark should be removed with a tree scraper. The wash should then be applied to the trunk and larger branches, and the soil replaced about the base.—K. A. Kirkpatrick in Inter-Ocean and Farmer.

Storing Autumn Apples.

There are no more choice flavored fruits from the apple orchard than the early ripening autumn varieties, such as Duchess, Pewaukee, Gideon, Tomkins King and English Rambo. The season, however, in the open air of the farm orchard is short for these choice varieties, as they ripen rapidly on the tree, fall to the ground during heavy winds, rapidly decompose or quickly find their way to the cider press and the vinegar cask.

The season for these varieties will lengthen at least two or three months by picking them off carefully into baskets before they begin to mellow, wrapping each specimen in a generous fold of soft paper and pack loosely in pasteboard boxes. We find the packing boxes used for shipping glass sealing cans ideal in which to pack away these fruits, the compartment folders keeping free circulation among the fruits. We store these boxes on our rear porch in the cool, open air and in this manner last season succeeded in keeping these autumn varieties well up until Christmas time when the winter varieties had mellowed and were fit for using.

Every day the children at school had fine mellow, honey flavored autumn apples in their dinner box and late in the season we sold choice Pewaukee, Rambo and King Tompkins to the grocer's fruit stand which retailed three for a dime, 62 apples made a bushel of 50 pounds, bringing us $1.50 per bushel.—George W. Brown, in Farmers' Guide.

Care and Cleanliness.

Cleanliness and health are inseparable companions. Filth and disease ga hand in hand. Hot weather is the time when filthy surrounings get in their deadly work among the chickens, young and old. A bare, hard, baked yard is not an ideal place in which to bring up a flock of healthy chicks. Hot weather causes a flock so situated to come to a standstill as far as growth is concerned. Arrested growth soon means disease; then the chick appears with ruffled feathers, long wings and tails, and a dull listless demeanor. If any lice are about they get in their work on the listless flock.

Fresh, green grass and plenty of clean wholesome food will soon transform a stupid flock into one of vigor and action in a very short time, though they can never quite make up for a week's neglect. Care should be taken to see that the chicks are not overcrowded in the old coops at night. Hot nights are the cause of many general outbreaks of bowel trouble. Over-heating works havoc with the digestive apparatus of a young chick.

In using lime over the poultry yards take care that it is well slacked. Unslacked lime will destroy anything in the way of flesh that it comes in contact with. The dust from new lime makes sore lungs, throats and nasal organs. Bits of new lime picked up by fowls have been known to make holes in the crop, ruining them for all time. For sprinkling dry about the yards, only thoroughly slacked lime should be used. And even this will cause bad sores on the feet of the fowls if allowed to get wet. Coal ashes are very good to use over the lime about the yards.

Curtains for Hen Roost Noe Essential.

A number of the experiment stations, particularly that of Maine, have advocated the use of a roosting closet, or more particularly, a canvas curtain in front of the roosts in poultry houses. This curtain, together with the back wall of the house and the droppings board under the roosts, formed a closet in which the fowls were shut up at night during cold weather. Poultry experts at first believed that this was essential in order to conserve the body heat of the fowls during nights when the temperature might go well below zero. Experience, however, has shown that the roosting closet is of no advantage. Actual test, by the Orono farm of the Maine experiment station, shows that the roosting closet is of no advantage, even in the severe climate of our farthest northeastern state. On the contrary it was found that the fowls certainly thrive better without the roost curtain than with it—they are not so susceptible to colds. The air in a roosting closet, when opened in the morning is bad on account of the lack of oxygen and an excess of carbon dioxide, ammoniacal vapors and other exhalations from the bodies of the fowls.

During the winter of 1910-11 the closets were taken out of the poultry houses on the Orono farm and, although the weather was unusually severe, the temperature occasionally dropping to 30 degrees below zero, the mortality among the fowls was exceptionally low and the egg production exceptionally high. The roost curtains will not again be used there.

Lime Sulphur.

I found it a specific against rot last year, having practically annihilated that disease by spraying with lime sulphur at the strength of 1 to 30 of water about the middle of June. Strawberry vines grow green and vigorous where this is used. Most remarkable of all is the fact that apple trees sprayed afterwards were untouched by the tent caterpillars that swarmed over everything this year, devouring almost completely all the foliage on the trees not sprayed.—A. F. Tenney in Inter Ocean and Farmer.

The most suitable time to apply lime in rotations is when preparing the land for wheat or hay following potatoes and corn, or as a top dressing on young clover and grass. Regardless of the kind of lime used great care needs to be used to spread it thoroughly and evenly over the land. The best results cannot be had from lime unevenly spread and left to lie in lumps. The most practical method is to have the lime thoroughly fine and to spread it with a lime or fertilizer distributer.

Requirements of Dairy.

Dean E. A. Burnett, of the Nebraska Agricultural College, recently addressed the Nebraska Dairymen's Association. His remarks were along lines that would set his audience to thinking. During his address he made the following remarks:

"Two things are necessary in order that the dairy business may prosper, and these two things spelled out are the cow and the man.

"Fortunately you cannot just go out and pick up either by the carload. You have to breed both of them, because a man is not necessarily a dairyman because he milks cows, and a cow is not necessarily a dairy animal because she gives milk. In order to have a successful dairy business you must have a man who is educated to the business, who knows the business and is willing to learn the business, and you must have the cow that can deliver the goods. It takes years of training to make the best of dairymen and it takes years of breeding and selection to develop the best cows.

"When you find a man who has behind him these years of training, there is no trouble about his making money in the business and there is no trouble about his finding a place to work under profitable conditions if he wants to sell his services to some other man. When you find a cow that is capable of producing a large yield of milk or of —butter, then she is worth more money to the dairyman than the average man believes."

Benefits of Phosphorus.

Returns just reported of the 1912 wheat yields on the Illinois experiment fields under the direction of Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins show that the application of phosphorus to Illinois soils has increased the wheat yields from 14.4 bushels to 28.9 bushels per acre. In the spring of 1912 the farmers of Illinois abandoned 53½ per cent of their wheat acreage for other crops and the bureau of statistics reported a promise of only 41 per cent of a crop on the remaining acres, thus showing a prospect of less than one-fifth of a wheat crop as compared to a normal season in the state.

In view of these facts the tremendous advantage secured by proper soil enrichment as shown by results from these experiment fields ought to arouse the liveliest interest in the minds of producers and consumers of wheat. Phosphorus practically saved the life of the wheat plant and made the difference between almost no crop and a good crop. As a general average it doubled the crop. These experiments have been in progress for several years, and the benefit of the permanent system of soil enrichment, including organic manures, limestone, and phosphorus is becoming more marked year after year.

Tuberculosis in Hogs.

For several years, now, tuberculosis in cattle has been widely and carefully studied and the public has been very generally warned against this dangerous disease. During this time, however, there has been little attention given to the same disease in hogs, it being generally assumed that swine were not affected by tuberculosis, except in very rare cases.

Recent careful and widely distributed investigations have proven this disease is very much more prevalent in hogs than is commonly believed and that the farmers in the grain belt must be on guard against it, in the same way that the dairyman must watch for it in his herd.

Where hogs have wide, free range, there is no trouble from this source. But in the corn belt states, where the hogs and cattle are closely associated, in the dairy states where it is the practice to feed the skimmilk from the creameries to the hogs, and near the cities where garbage is fed, tuberculosis is found very often among the hogs.

There are usually no symptoms in the hog to betray the presence of the tuberculosis germs in the system. Often the most healthy-looking hogs in the herd reach the packing houses only to be condemned by the inspectors. So common has this become that packers are discriminating against infected hogs in certain states and there have been attempts made to force such losses back on the farmer. Oftentimes, however, the fat hog lies down and dies before shipping time, much to the perplexity of the farmer. Even casual examination of the entrails of the dead animal, however, will usually reveal the cause of the trouble.

Hogs are very often infected with tuberculosis germs while following the cattle. If any tuberculosis individual is present in the dairy herd, very often a number of hogs become infected, with more or less serious results. Another source of infection is through the feeding of milk from tuberculous cows. Where the milk is not sterilized one diseased cow can spread the germs to the entire herd of hogs. The best way to safeguard the hogs, in such cases, is to find the diseased cow and get rid of her. The milk can be sterilized by heating, however, and can be fed safely.

Some farmers of the more careless sort allow the hogs to eat the carcases of cows, whenever they chance to die. Since that those that do die on the farm are very often afflicted with tuberculosis, the hogs, eating the carcases become directly infected and perhaps will come down with the disease months or even a year later. It has also been found unsafe to feed city garbage to hogs unless it has been previously cooked. Such feed contains a great many germs of tuberculosis.

The disease is hard to combat in hogs, when once started. If by chance any infected animal is discovered it should be sold immediately. Disinfectants, used freely about the premises are effective in controlling the disease. The bureau of animal industry at Washington has recently published a bulletin on this subject that will prove of value to all hog raisers.

The supreme court of Leipsic has decided in the case of a waitress who was discharged for flirting with customers that flirting was not criminal and was necessary for a waitress.

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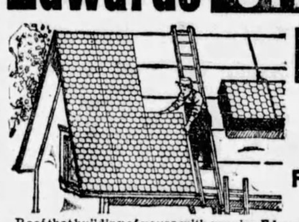

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[Harvesting rice, Weiner, Ark.]

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Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

MESMERISM

Please give an account of mesmerism in the columns of this department. —R. E. D., Morenci, Mich.

Mesmerism or animal magnetism is a science or art, so called because it was once believed that it taught the method of producing upon persons of susceptible organization effects somewhat similar to those which a magnet exerts upon iron. Paracelsus believed that the human body was endowed with double magnetism; on one side attracting to itself the planets, whence comes wisdom and the senses, on the other side attracting the elements and nourished by their disintegration; that the attractive virtue resembles that of a magnet, and that healthy persons attract the enfeebled magnetism of the sick Mesmer experimented with this animal magnetism for some time and effected many cures. These cures attracted so much attention in Paris that a commission was appointed by the government to examine into the matter. Mesmer wished that the cures which had been effected be accepted as the proof of animal magnetism, but the commissioners wanted to place themselves under Mesmer in order to experience what his regular patients experienced. They found that the patients, unaware of the fact that they were being magnetized, experienced none of the effects, and that patients who were told that they were being magnetized experienced the symptoms, though the magnetizer was not near them. The conclusion of the report of the commissioners is as follows:

"The commissioners have ascertained that the animal magnetic fluid is not perceptible by any of the senses; that it has no action, either upon themselves or upon the patients subjected to it. Finally they have demonstrated by decisive experiments that imagination apart from magnetism produces convulsions, and that magnetism without imagination produces nothing. They have come to the unanimous conclusion with respect to the existence and utility of magnetism that there is nothing to prove the existence of the animal magnetic fluid; that this fluid, since it is non-existent, has no beneficial effect; that the violent effects observed in patients under public treatment are due to contact, to the excitement of the imagination, and to the mechanical imitation which involuntarily impels us to repeat that which strikes our senses."

The existence of a magnetic fluid is yet to be proved. All the phenomena which Mesmer produced and attempted to explain by the existence of such a fluid are now explained by the principle of hypnotic suggestion.

CONGRESSES UNDER CLEVELAND

Please tell whether the Democrats had a majority in both houses of congress in either of Grover Cleveland's administrations. Did they have a majority in either house during his last administration?—C. A. D., Clarksburg, W. Va.

The 53rd congress, in session during Cleveland's last term, was composed of 44 Democrats and 38 Republicans in the upper house, and 220 Democrats and 126 Republicans in the house of representatives. The following congress was Republican in both houses.

MAKING AND CIRCULATING MONEY

Please tell how money is made in the government mints and how it is put into circulation.—G. D. L., Hillsdale, Mich.

Bullion is received at the mint in the form of bricks of all sizes and very peculiar shape when it comes from Spanish-American countries. The regular shaped bricks often weigh as heavy as 150 pounds. The Mexicans melt their silver and rub it into the most crude-shaped molds in the world, in quantities so large and heavy that a burro could not carry one casting. If the valuable metal were carried in quantities convenient for handling, raiders for miles around would be after it and demand the whole or a large portion of the silver as salvage for protection against other raiders. The Mexican silver received at the mint is taken to the machine shop and cut up before it is in shape to be put into any of the largest crucibles. The regular-shaped bricks are taken first to the assay office, where the corners are clipped and the brick bored into. An assay is made of the clippings and borings. The result is made known to the person making the deposit in about 12 hours. He gets his money and the government gets his bullion. After the assay the bullion passes to the refinery, if it should require the operations there performed. When the silver has been obtained in a state as near as possible to absolute purity, it is taken to the press room, and, by pressure, compressed into solid circular masses of from 12 to 15 inches in diameter and five inches thick, resembling very much the shape of the cheese. The silver is then placed in an oven in iron pans. A fire is raised and the iron and oven are brought to a cherry red color for the purpose only of driving off moisture in the chloride of silver. The least portion of the moisture in the crucibles would break them, and the silver would be lost in the ashes. The cakes next go to the melter and are run into bricks. If it is to be turned into coin, it is again melted, and an alloy of one-tenth copper is put in both for silver and gold, and the whole is then run into ingots. These are heated and rolled to the proper thickness and width, and the strips are then annealed and whitened. The blanks are next punched and cleansed of the grease from the rollers, and are then sent to the adjusters. Each piece is weighed, and if found too heavy a little is filed off the edge; if under weight, it is remelted. From the adjusters the blanks pass to the stamping room. The milling as it is generally termed, is then put on, by pressure—squeezing the silver out into the little grooves of the mold. After it is upset, to raise the ring on the surface, the blank passes under the die. The impression is made on both sides from one blow. A rule of the coiner's department prohibits an employe leaving the department during the day until after the accounts are adjusted. From the coiner the money passes to the counter, who, with the aid of a counting board, which holds an exact number of pieces, is able to count thousands where a person ordinarily would count only units. The counting board carries just 1,000 silver dollars. One of the most interesting objects to be seen in the mint is a large balance scale, so nicely adjusted that one may take a hair from the head, split it and place it in one of the scale pans, and the beam will be noticeably deflected.

There are four different kinds of legal tender in this country. They are gold and silver coins, gold and silver certificates, treasury notes and national bank notes. When gold bullion is brought to the government mint to be coined the person to whom the gold belongs is paid by the governtmen in gold coin, while those bringing silver bullion are paid in silver certificates. Owing to the fact that a gold coin, after being in circulation ofr some time would lose some of the gold, the value deteriorates. There would not be the full amount of gold in the coin and the actual value would be less than the face value. The government instead of allowing gold to circulate puts it into its vaults and issues certificates of deposit which entitle the holder to the face value of the certificate if he presents it at the treasury and he is given the amount of gold it calls for. The same is done with the silver, but merely because silver is too heavy to carry around in large quantities. The silver certificates are in the form of one and two dollar bills. Treasury notes are merely promissory notes issued by the government. No certain amount has been deposited in the United States treasury for them, but the government's credit is behind them. National bank notes are the same as the treasury notes with the exception that instead of being issued by the government they are issued by the national banks, whose credit is good, for the government backs them.

JAMES J. CORBETT

Please give a short sketch of the life of James J. Corbett in the Question Bureau.—L. M. K., Somerton, O.

James J. Corbett was born September 1, 1866, in San Francisco, Cal. He is six feet one inch in height and weighs 187 pounds. He lost a four-round fight with Billy Welch in San Francisco, and lost on a foul in New York in a nine round fight with Tom Sharkey. He fought to a draw with Jack Burke, eight rounds, in San Francisco; Frank Glover, three rounds, in San Francisco; Dave Campbell, 10 rounds, in Portland; Peter Jackson, 61 rounds in San Francisco, and Tom Sharkey, four rounds, in the same city.

He knocked out Billy Welch, one round, San Francisco; Joe Choynski, 27 rounds, Benecia, Cal.; John L. Sullivan, 21 rounds, New Orleans; Charlie Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville; Peter Courtney, six rounds, Orange, N. J., and Kid McCoy, five rounds, New York.

Corbett was knocked out by Fitzsimmons, 14 rounds, Carson City; Jim Jeffries, 23 rounds, Coney Island, and Jim Jeffries, 10 rounds, San Francisco.

He won his fights with Joe Choynski, four rounds, in San Francisco; Jake Kilrain, six rounds, New Orleans; Dom. McCaffrey, four rounds, Brooklyn; Ed Kinney, four rounds, Milwaukee; Bill Spillings, one round, New York, and Bob Caffrey, one round, New York.

The police stopped a four-round fight with Joe Choynski in Fairfax, Cal. There was no decision in a three-round, McVey, New York.

His exhibition fights were with Mike Donovan, three rounds, New York; John L. Sullivan, four rounds, San Francisco; Jim Mall, four rounds, Chicago, and Jim McVey, three rounds, New York.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

I would like to know what states do not allow the marriage of first cousins. —A. C. L., Mineral Springs, W. Va.

Marriage between first cousins is allowed in all the states except the following: Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washintgon and Wyoming.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM

Please tell when the first wall was constructed about the city of Jerusalem in Palestine.—J. W. D., Sandy Lake, Pa.

The first definite reference to a wall surrounding the city of Jerusalem in the Bible was made in connection with the reign of Solomon. The Millo was built by Solomon, and whether it was a wall or citadel is not known, but it was part of the defense of the city. Some believe that Solomon enclosed the western hill with a wall. If that is the case, the wall would be then the first of the three, which had 60 crenelations. It would have accordingly commenced at what was later the tower Hippicus, near the present Jaffa gate; running eastward to the Xystus, it would have then circled the greater part of the Temple mount; bending south and southwest, it would have skirted Ophel, though not including the Siloam Pool ,and enclosing the present Jewish and Protestant cemeteries, it would then have turned north again, meeting the other end at the Jaffa gate.

CONCERNING FLEAS

Please tell about the multiplication of the fleas which annoy cats and dogs. —S. D. B., Brankton, N. C.

Fleas are minute, wingless insects with bodies covered by a strong armor of fine scaly plates and mouth-parts formed for sucking. The cat and dog variety is found everywhere. The development of these insects is shown to have been hastened by a moist or humid atmosphere. The egg stage is very short; the larvae, which are wormlike, spin cocoons in which the pupal stage is formed in from 7 to 14 days after hatching and the imago appears five days later. This shows that in the warmest weather an entire generation may develop in little more than a fortnight. Fleas will develop successfully in any location where they are not too much disturbed, as in rugs, mats or in straw or litter on which dogs have slept. They are carried from one place to another by rats and mice and other animals.

SWASTIKA

Please tell how the word swastika is pronounced and also something about it.—L. E. S., El Dorado, Kan.

The first "a" in swastika is given the broad sound and the "i" is given the sound of long "e." The first "a" is like the "a" in "awl," the "i" like the "i" in "Porto Rico," and the final "a" like the final "a" in "Dora."

The swastika is the symbol of the sun in the nature religions of the Aryan races from Scandinavia to Persia and India. Similar devices occur in the ruins of monuments of the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians. Swastika signs have also been found on objects exhumed from prehistoric burial groups within the limits of the United States. The swastika consists of a Greek cross, either enclosed in a circle the circumference of which passes through its extremities, or with its arms bent back, and as it is found invariably associated with the worship of the Aryan sun-gods, it is believed to represent the sun.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. J., Galesburg, Mich.—James G. Blaine was not a member of the Roman Catholic denomination.

ASTHMA and Hay Fever remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. National Chemical Co., 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

PILES IMMEDIATE RELIEF can be had by simply using the best remedy on earth. LUDWIG'S PILE OINTMENT. It makes no difference what kind you have, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Send 25 cents by mail today, to W. E. LUDWIG, Prop. 1344 Dorr st., Toledo, Ohio.

CANCER CURED WITHOUT KNIFE or caustic. Write today for our iron clad agreement "No cure no pay." Sheppard Sanitorium Co., 644 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, O.

Harmless Smoke Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple but scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

OFFERS $2,500 FOR SLAYER

West Virginia Mining Co. Would Avenge Guard's Death.

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 11.—The Paint Creek Consolidated Collieries Co. today announced a reward of $2,500 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who killed Mine Guard R. F. Stringer at Holley Grove, and Gus Pinson at Mucklow.

Pinson was killed in an encounter with miners several weeks ago, and Stringer was shot down while passing Holley Grove, where miners were encamped after being evicted from the company's houses. The offer of the reward has increased the bitterness in the Kanawha coal country.

New Commander of the G. A. R.

JUDGE ALFRED B. BEERS, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SICKLES REBUFFS SACRIFICING WIFE

Turns From His Door Woman Who Pawned Jewels for His Debts.

New York, Sept. 17.—There will be no reconciliation between Major General Daniel E. Sickles, the aged veteran of two wars, and his wife. This was learned yesterday when it became known that General Sickles refused to see the woman from whom he has been estranged for 27 years, and who recently pawned her jewelry to prevent the sale at auction of her husband's personal property after he had turned her away from his home.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Sickles, accompanied by her son Stanton, called at the splendid home of Gen. Sickles. She was smiling as she rang the front doorbell. She bore good news. A few hours before she had effected the liquidation of her husband's debt, amounting to $8,200, owed to the Lincoln Trust Co. The money with which this debt was canceled had been obtained by pawning her jewels.

Her face lighted as the door to her husband's home opened. The high-spirited Spanish woman forgot the blow her pride had suffered in her trip to the pawnshop as she announced herself and made as if to enter. She was stopped by the butler; the smile left her face as she was told that she must not enter; that there were orders to the effect that neither she nor her son should be permitted to walk through the door.

Turns Away in Tears.

These orders had been issued by Miss Eleanor Earle Wilmerding, housekeeper for General Sickles for 15 years. With large tears in her world-weary eyes, Mrs. Sickles returned to her apartments in the Hotel Marlton with her son. There Stanton telephoned John Reilly, his attorney. "Just tell him that there is no need to worry—that everything is all right," was the message.

Reilly obtained admittance to the Sickles home, where he informed Miss Wilmerding of the good news. Their conservation was stopped by the telephone bell. Miss Wilmerding answered it.

"Isn't it fine," cried the housekeeper. "One of the general's old soldier friends has paid the $8,200 to the Lincoln Trust."

Lawyer Reilly, when informed that the person at the other end of the wire was the general's cousin, Daniel P. Hays, was permitted to speak to him.

"It is untrue, Mr. Hayes," he said, "that an old soldier friend paid Gen. Sickles' debt. It was paid by Mrs. Sickles, his wife, who pawned her jewelry to get the money. I tell you this because I think it only just that you should know."

Sickles Hears.

When Reilly had begun speaking over the telephone to Hays, General Sickles had silently entered the room. He heard everything that was said. Outside in the hall, Mrs. Sickles and Stanton, her son, also heard it. They had come to the house again and had succeeded in passing the servants. As Reilly began speaking to the general Miss Wilmerding cried to him to stop, that it would "kill him." Then crossing over to the general's side she told him "it is all a lie. She did not pay it. It was paid by one of your friends."

Mrs. Sickles, longing vainly for speech with her husband, hearing this cried out:

"Mr. Reilly, Mr. Reilly! Does he know—does he know; is it all right?"

"It is all right, Mrs. Sickles; I'll be there in a moment," replied Reilly, and left the room.

13,000 POSTAL RY. CLERKS MOVE UP

Postmaster General Inaugurates System of Promotion All at Once.

Washington, Sept. 16.—Promotion for 13,000 railway postal clerks on October 1 will be provided in orders to be issued today by Postmaster General Hitchcock. In the railway mail service there are 16,700 clerks, and a majority of those not promoted on October 1 will received more pay before the end of the current fiscal year. More than a million dollars will be expended in making the promotions.

A reorganization of the railway mail service and increased pay for postal clerks were authorized in the recently enacted postoffice appropriation bill. The project was urged by Postmaster General Hitchcock in the belief that it would result in far greater efficiency in the service and in the making of promotions along fairer lines.

Although more than $1,000,000 a year will be involved in the increases, it will cost the government no more. Postmaster General Hitchcock has perfected a plan to save that amount by a rearrangeemnt of railway mail car space and the amount the government pays annually to the railroads.

GIRL MAKES A LONG SWIM

Boston Mermaid Accomplishes Hard Feat in Thames Waters.

London, Sept. 11.—Rose Pitonof, the Boston girl, swam 16 miles in the cold water of the Thames yesterday in four hours and 34 minutes.

For the Thames performance all the London bridges were crowded with people cheering the plucky American as she swam past. Americans in the crowd yelled, "Oh, you kid; hurrah for the Stars and Stripes."

Rose acknowledged the ovations from time to time, raising her arm and cheering. The Thames was patrolled by police boats which cleared the traffic.

60,500 AUTOS ARE LICENSED

Registrar Believes Ohio Total Will Reach 70,000.

Columbus, Sept. 11.—Ohio now has 60,500 licensed automobiles. Notwithstanding that the season is more than half over applications are still being received for licensing by Registrar J. A. Shearer at the rate of an average of 60 a day. The total number for the year will run to 70,000, which will by far surpass all previous records. Registrar Shearer thinks that there will be 75,000 licensed automobiles in Ohio next year.

QUAKE IN FRISCO

San Francisco, Sept. 12.—A slight earthquake shock was felt here at 9:28 o'clock this morning. The movement occasioned no damage or excitement. Slight shocks were reported as far south as San Jose, fifty miles away.

Use of Cats' Whiskers.

Harper's Weekly.

We are apt to think that the cat's ability to see in the dark is due entirely to its eyes, but competent authority assures us that the feline's power in this respect is due almost as much to its "whiskers."

These delicate hairs that project from the muzzle of the cat family are wonderful mechanisms. Each one grows from a follicle or gland, nerved to the utmost sensibility. It slightest contact with any obstacle is instantly felt by the animal, though the hair itself may be tough and insensible. The exaggerated whiskers on the muzzle often project to such a distance that from point to point they indicate the exact width of the body of the beast.

Consider the lion stealing through the jungle at night in search of prey, when the least stir of a twig gives alarm. The lion's whiskers indicate, through the nicest nerves, any object that may be in his path. A touch stops him short before pushing through some close thicket where the rustling leaves and boughs would betray his presence. Wherever his head may be thrust without a warning from the vibrissae there his body may pass noiselessly. It is the aid given him by his whiskers, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet that enables him to proceed as silently as the snake.

Holes Bored by Rain.

Harper's Weekly.

When rain falls it does not actually soak into the earth, but bores its way in, forming tiny tubes. These tubes are so small that it would be impossible to insert a hair in one of them without bursting its walls. Sometimes the tubes are bored down to a depth of four or five feet. When the surface dries the water evaporates from the tubes, just as it would from a pipe. If the tube is twisted it takes longer for the water to evaporate. If one takes a rake and stirs the ground after each rain, he breaks the tops of the tubes, and the water will stand in them for months. In this way the farmers of the west, on the semi-arid lands, store the rainfall one year and raise a crop of wheat every other year—there being sufficent water in two years, but not enough in one, to raise a crop.

A Transplanted Village.

London Standard.

An interesting ceremony took place on Saturday at New Berich, in the principality of Weldeck-Pyrmont, when Prince Frederick laid the foundation stone, not of a new, but of an ancient Gothic chapel which formerly stood at Old Berich surrounded by the usual cluster of quaint farmhouses and homesteads. The village of Old Berich, however, is an obstacle in the construction of the Edder river dam, which will have an area of 20 square miles and a maximum depth of 150 feet. The village, which has existed for 300 years, was therefore marked for extinction, and all the inhabitants received notice to leave their houses, which are to be leveled to the groud. New dwellings were erected at New Berich some 30 miles away and some of the freshly painted walls resemble in great measure the deserted village. The church, erected in the twelfth century, has been taken down and the ceremony of Saturday was the first step in its re-erection on the new site.

Moose Heads Costly.

New York Sun.

Bull moose heads have gone up in price. The word has been passed among the taxidermists that there will be an unprecedented demand for mounted heads. In fact there are but few heads in the market at any price.

People who shoot bull moose generally have the trophy mounted for themselves or sell the head to some one who has it mounted. The taxidermists pick up a few, but not many. The Bangor fire of last year burned the finest collection of game heads in Maine held for sale, and it is doubtful if a dozen moose heads could be picked up at any price.

Of course the expected demand is for campaign purposes or advertising. One dealer, who has an exceptionally fine head, says that it will take $200 and not a cent less to buy it, and he isn't so sure that he wants to sell it at any price.

Arizona Road-Runner.

Harper's Weekly.

One of America's ornithological curiosities is the Arizona road-runner. This is a long-legged, long-billed bird, slender of build, and of a height that approximates 12 inches. It is a characteristic sight of the desert of our new state.

It derives its name of "road-runner" from its habit of taking the road in front of travelers on horseback or in vehicles and of running swiftly or slowly, as it may deem the occasion requires, presumably for the purpose of exhibiting its neighborly spirit and sprinting qualities. It not infrequently "keeps company" with the traveler for a distance of several hundred yards.

The road-runner is held in high esteem in Arizona, and no one would think of killing the bird, since it is held to be the deadly enemy of the rattlesnake. While there is no authentic account of any witnessed battle between a road-runner and a rattler the Arizona tradition is that the snake fears this bird above all other enemies. It is said that the road-runner will drive the serpent into a coil and then, darting into and around the reptile with lightning-like rapidity, will peck it to death. Whatever truth there may be in the local tradition in this respect, the fact remains that the road runner is avoided by the snake.

Lenses Free. Now see here, friend! What's the use of your tearing and scratching your eyes out, reading this fine print with those old, dim and misty spectacles of yours, when you can just as well write and get a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses absolutely free of charge.
You see, I have absolute confidence that just one try-out on your part will make you a permanent booster for my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, and I am therefore going to send every reader of this paper a pair of my latest improved lenses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.
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—Because these "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance, and as far as your eye can reach—
Now you certainly do want a pair of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine, and I surely want to give you a pair absolutely free—without ever asking you to pay me one penny for them, now and never.
So let's get together right now on this very generous advertising proposition.
You, on your part, just write me your name and address on the below coupon and send it to me at once—and I, to fulfill my part of the contract, will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you, absolutely free of charge, to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses, which will again enable you to enjoy your reading, sewing and hunting just as much as you ever did in your younger days.
Write your name and address on the below lines at once
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912

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The young man who learned to operate an aeroplane in nine days is dead.

Some automobiles puff and wheeze as if the climate did not agree with them.

This much for the porch swing—it is not as slippery as the old-fashioned hair sofa.

Artificial rubber is said to be a failure. Still it might be converted into chewing gum.

It will be easy for Mr. Bryan to follow the Roosevelt trail. The Colonel wears spikes in his boots

Report says the River Danube is going dry. This is the river, you will recall, that is blue in poetry.

We want to go on record with the opinion that the loss of a rib did Adam more good than harm.

The woman who went fishing and caught a husband says nothing about the largest one getting away.

Antiquarians have found another Venus. Either that or a shop window dummy that has been mislaid.

The Rockefellers held a family reunion last week, but the main attraction was not among those present.

Put a man on a soap box in a public place and it is a ten to one proposition that he will talk too much.

Colonel Roosevelt is seeing a great deal of country, and wherever he goes the people have heard of him before.

Among boyhood's memories that are ineffaceable we always include the ups and downs of our first dose of castor oil.

Had Nature wanted to be mean to man she could have put wrinkles in his nose, making him look like an old sheep.

Mr. Wilson doesn't believe in "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," but can he doubt that Armageddon is on the map?

It was Abraham Lincoln's sense of humor that pulled him through a worse political situation than exists today.

There is always an unlucky child in the family, who gets all the diseases and takes them home to brothers and sisters.

Half the world may not know how the other half lives, but it has leaked out that the Queen of Holland eats six meals a day.

"Always whittle from you" is an adage of long standing. It is still accepted literally by a woman when she sharpens a lead pencil.

A Michigan man who had been missing ten years returned to his family the other day with $100,000. Enough to buy two fatted calves.

"Would you call farming a sedentary occupation?" asks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Not when the cows have to be chased out of the corn.

A thousand years have gone by, meanwhile a tribe of whites has stood still in the frozen north. It is the most remarkable story of refrigeration ever told.

More than five billion bushels of grain are being produced by the American farmers this year. But they didn't do it by sitting in the shade and talking politics.

A South Dakota man wants a wife who is willing to work in the fields, dig potatoes and help with the plowing. But it might horrify him if she should want to vote.

Because her husband hugged her too often a Texas woman is suing for divorce. This opens for debate the question. "How often should a married woman be hugged?"

A Terre Haute goat ate brewery refuse and became intoxicated. Billy did about every fool thing a man would have done under similar circumstances, except try to sing "Everybody's Doin' It."

Suspender Jack McGee rose to the occasion in the New York Bull Moose convention. Fate was hanging by one button when he rushed to the rescue. The vote of New York will be a big factor in the presidential race. Suspender Jack may have found a permanent place in history.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSECLEANING.

The threat to send an army into Mexico unless the Madero government shortly succeeded in bringing about peace and order has not met with enthusiasm among Mr. Taft's countrymen. There are two reasons for this—the military spirit is at low ebb and there is a general feeling that the Americans who have lingered in Mexico have done so in spite of repeated warnings, taking the risk upon themselves.

Our treaty with Mexico, as with other countries, pledges mutual care for the safety of life and limb of strangers. It provides that the property of Americans shall be protected and respected as the property of Mexicans would be in this country. If we interfere in the domestic affairs of the neighbor to the south of us, it will be because Washington has ceased to believe that Mexico can give the slightest guarantee that her part of the treaty can be carried out.

Nevertheless there is little inclination on the part of the American public to insist upon the rigid interpretation of the treaty. Civil war has been going on in Mexico for a long time. The Diaz administration was overthrown partly with the help of Americans who had been blackmailed and overtaxed and irritated with exacting red tape. Magazine writers and irresponsible newspaper correspondents fanned up sympathy with the Madero cause. It would seem as if the Americans in Mexico have jumped from the frying pan into the fire. They are surely responsible for choosing to jump. That in place of blackmail they obtained black powder is regrettable, but it is only natural to expect them to stand by the bargain themselves, not to ask Uncle Sam to reverse the exchange.

MODEL FARMS.

The Ohio Bankers' Association intends to ask those of its members who own agricultural lands to conduct them as model farms. It is thought that the professional farmers need good examples and that if the banker-farmers will but show the way, even if it costs a lot, that the banking business will prosper through the increase in agricultural prosperity.

It is not an uncommon thing for successful city men to invest in farm property and to make the raising of grain, vegetables and live stock their favorite recreation. We have yet to hear of any such city farmers who have either increased their fame, or have made large additions to their fortunes by reason of their recreation. Rather, it is an old jest that city farmers put more in the soil than they take out. They are like the average gold miner in this. We recall an anecdote of Havemeyer, the sugar king, who once had a party of guests at his farm house. He offered them wine or milk, saying he'd prefer they'd take the former as it had cost him less. The successful farmer is usually the one who trusts more to the strength of his arms and the resourcefulness of his brain than to his capital. The city farmer places his trust in other men's strength and in his capital. The result is that his books show a loss at the end of the season where his neighbors' accounts will show a fair profit.

It will be a fine patriotic thing if Ohio bankers do sprinkle the countryside with model farms. Yet the model feature will probably consist in the barns, the houses, the fields, the fences and the live stock and not in the returns which all the well constructed and well kept possessions bring.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

The political prophets who have been seeing nothing but Democratic victory in the signs of the times will be jarred considerably out of their orbits by the returns from Maine. The result in Vermont last week led to a general expectation of a Democratic sweep in the Pine Tree state, and the returns from Monday's election have completely overturned the calculations of the wiseacres.

Just how much influence the varied and insistent local issues of the campaign exercised on the result can be only a matter of conjecture. Standpat Republicans and Progressives alike will profess to find distinct encouragement in the clean sweep won under the name of the G. O. P.

As a matter of cold fact, however, the Maine election must be accepted as another evidence of Colonel Roosevelt's strong grip on the minds and hearts of the American voters. In the non-partisan Associated Press dispatches dealing with the Maine situation appears the following paragraph:

> All of the Progressive leaders were actively identified with the Republican party in the election. A number of Republican leaders have announced their intention to go on the stump for Colonel Roosevelt for President and in opposition to President Taft for re-election.

The Blade believes that the Associated Press dispatch, more nearly than any information that has come from Maine, explains the reasons for the Democratic defeat. There has been no indication anywhere else of any increasing Taft strength and there have been multiplied evidences of growing Roosevelt sentiment. In any event, the political guesswork on the Maine election—for it can be but guesswork—strongly favors the Roosevelt movement.

DEFIANT OF THE STORM.

Dr. Lloyd Thompson, the only American aviator who had not withdrawn from the race up to the last hour, took a final glimpse at Vedrine's record and walked off the field.—From the news account of the Chicago meet.

Vedrine's speed at Chicago averaged 105.5 miles per hour. This is about the same rate he made in France in the elimination contests and probably indicates the capacity of his machine. If he could carry a sufficient quantity of fuel and had the strength to endure the journey, he could cross the American continent in about 40 hours, which would come near to making the railroad records look like those of the emigrants' ox-team. It seems as if only the most reckless would fly so fast. Yet when Vedrine was asked in France why he took such terrible risks he replied that as the father of children he had no right to take chances with his life, safety, in his opinion, lying in going as fast as he could. "What is dangerous in traveling through space," he said, "is the conflicting air currents and disturbed atmosphere. With a swift apparatus one can laugh at the wind and even can smile at the storm. The faster one goes the less he needs to fear the treacherous gale."

Vedrine has probably happened upon one of the fundamental secrets of aerial navigation. At present, his machine is better than that of any American's, at least the engine will drive harder. But as Americans quickly overcame the lead of the French manufacturers of automobiles, they are just as likely to meet this newer challenge from abroad. We may look for home-made aeroplanes, in which advantage is taken of Vedrine's hints, swifter than his and equally defiant of the storm.

THE CONSERVATIVES.

Governor Wilson does not think if Mr. Roosevelt is elected that he can do anything to carry out the party contract. He believes that the President would be bound, and possibly gagged, by the conflicting elements of congress. He could not count upon the necessary support to make the pledges good.

In this estimate of the third party's prospects, Mr. Wilson gives a clue to his political philosophy. For if he himself were elected, he would meet with just about the same amount of opposition in congress. Even with the house with him, he'd have an unfriendly senate. Thinking that Mr. Roosevelt could do nothing, he must assuredly have little faith that he himself could do more. Each would have very much the same chances in influencing legislation.

It is no part of Mr. Wilson's scheme to do anything in particular. He is running upon a platform which purposes regulating competition instead of regulating monopoly. And that is exactly what Mr. Taft has been doing. The Democratic program really then calls for no change in the trust policy. The platform also calls for a reduction of the tariff, but in such a way that business shall not be disturbed, which is virtually saying that there shall be no change, inasmuch as all revisions of the tariff inevitably disturb business.

In expressing the idea that changes are unwarranted, or not advisable, Governor Wilson is ably abetted by his running mate, Governor Marshall. In an article in the Atlantic Monthly magazine, Mr. Marshall expresses a strong dislike for new laws, new panaceas, saying: "The process of the evolution of evil keeps pace with the evolution of good everywhere."

In the opinion of Democratic candidates, it is not alone doubtful that legislation for the betterment of the social state can be affected, but also doubtful if any legislation with that aim is worth while.

THE LOST AMENDMENTS.

It is a simple enough matter to explain why the voters of Ohio declined to extend the suffrage to women, to abolish the death penalty, to legalize voting machines, to authorize a bond issue for good roads and to regulate billboard advertising. These were specific issues upon which nearly every man has more or less decided views.

But it is not easy to understand why they refused trial by jury for anyone charged with contempt, why they wouldn't permit the appointment of a woman as a notary public, why they insisted on the retention of the useless word "white" in the section of the constitution setting forth the eligibility of voters.

A possible explanation is that when electors came to these proposals, they felt uncertain as to their meaning and so voted "no." Adding these persons who were vague in their minds with those who voted "no" opposite every proposal, as a matter of grim opposition to all change, a total was obtained which killed the amendments.

THE REVIEWERS.

In the once-popular works of Captain Mayne Reid, there was a good deal of scoffing at what were called "closet naturalists." These were persons who never traveled, never went afield, but sat at home and passed upon the writings and reports of those who did invade far countries and study nature at first hand. The practice of the "closet naturalists" was to discredit everything, to pronounce it impossible, unreal, untrue.

The breed, it appears, has not passed away. The dispatches reporting the discoveries of Prof. Stefannson were scarcely off the wire before new dispatches which pronounced Stefannson in error came from those seats of learning where the ethnologists and philologists and geographers hold forth. The idea of a white people in the Arctic is preposterous, the ethnologists said. That any tribe so isolated should have Norwegian words in their language is fantastic, the philologist declared. "Pooh! Pooh!" exclaimed the geographers. Stefannson spent five years in the Arctic. He covered ground that had never been visited by civilized men before. But the "closet naturalists" waved a hand and brushed the explorer and his reports out of existence.

If Mayne Reid were living now, he'd surely write a new book just to get a new accumulation of contempt for "closet naturalists" out of his system.

SYNDICALISM IN AMERICA.

When the weavers of Lyons went upon strike they pulled off their wooden shoes and hurled them into the looms. Such shoes are known in France as sabots. From this incident comes the word sabotage, which means the destruction of the property of employers against whom wage-earners hold a grievance.

Members of the French Socialist party, who thought that the millennium of which they dreamed was not coming fast enough, seceded and undertook to organize workers along a new line. They argued that organization by crafts was a mistake, helping the employers more than the employes. Their plan was to lump in a single group all the persons involved in one trade. In the printing trades, for example, they would have the printers, the stereotypers, the pressmen and other department workers in one union. In France, they called such a group a syndicat, from which has developed the word syndicalism.

In America, the advocates of syndicalism have formed the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World. The chief strategem in their warfare on hated "capitalism" is sabotage.

The Industrial Workers of the World went into the southern lumber mills and formed the Brotherhood of Timber Workers. A demand for an increase in wages was refused. There was no strike. Work went on. The millhands came upon spikes driven into the logs. They did not pull them out, but let the saws break their teeth upon them. Log carts began to go to pieces, because parts of them had been removed. Trains were derailed because some one in the night had broken pieces out of the flanges of a car or two. When lumber was delivered it was found short of specification.

The sabotage of France—where clerks sent domestic mail abroad and foreign mail to French village postoffices, where oil was poured into wine vats and the homes of capitalists were burned—had been transplanted.

During strikes in the United States, irresponsible sympathizers have thrown monkey wrenches into machinery, sand into journals and water among the wires of a dynamo. But until the Industrial Workers of the World appeared, the thing was frowned upon by all intelligent leaders. It was not defended except in whispers. It is different now. The I. W. W. have systemized destruction, approved of it openly, boasted of it.

One of the leaders of the movement gave his opinion of what ought to be done by the strikers of the Southern Pacific shops. He advised the dropping of a package of Gold Dust into the railway water tanks.

"What will it do?" he repeated. "There'll be a laundry in every engine that fills up from the Gold Dust tank, and every one of them will have to go to the shops to have the boiler cleaned if they don't want the cylinder heads blown off. If a water tank isn't handy, a little emery in the journal boxes or a squirt of kerosene into the air-hose connection will do just as well."

What the Industrial Workers do not see, or will not see, is that there is a difference between destroying national wealth and individual wealth. Railroad property is part of the national wealth, for instance. It is one of the resources of all the people. In destroying it, they hit all over the shoulders of a few. They have been known to urge the flooding of coal mines, a thing that labor unions in the bitterest hours of strife take care to guard against by exempting pump engineers from the strike order. A mine, if flooded long enough, is closed forever as a mine. Millions of dollars' worth of the national resources are lost to the nation.

This is the economic side of the argument of the labor men of the old school who fight the Industrial Workers as they would poison. They say, also, that they are not prepared to cast off the virtues—to trade honor for meanness and trickery, to gain points by endangering lives and ruining industries.

In one of the recent issues of a Socialist periodical we came upon the statement: "The socialism of Marx is dead. The socialism of Haywood has taken its place." Though this view has not been officially woven into the platforms and declarations of the Socialist parties of this country, there is no doubt that a great many, if not the bulk of Socialists look upon Haywood with friendly eyes. At least, they do not oppose him, which would be the natural thing to do if they felt that his policies and his actions were antagonistic to their tenets. It is easy to see how a man of Haywood's type would win away followers of Marx. The sociology of Marx is a dry and intricate study. He did not pronounce capitalists the enemy of society so much as he denounced capitalism, which is a thing woven into every part of the fabric of our civilization, a thing for which the humblest, as well as the proudest, are in some part responsible. Haywood is more explicit. He is picturesque. He provides a battlecry, which Voltaire says all men hunger for. The socialism of Marx is grasped only after the burning of the midnight oil. The socialism of Haywood is as simple as setting a barn afire. Hence, thousands of Socialists lean toward him and away from their old apostle. Some one has spoken of this weakening of Marxian worship as the "intellectual bankruptcy of socialism."

Syndicalism and sabotage are planted in this country. They will assuredly have to be taken into account more and more. It is a significant fact that in Australia, where the labor unions have been strong enough to cause the passage of laws for factory and tenement inspection and regulation, old age pensions, compulsory insurance against sickness and accident, child labor prohibition and limited working days, syndicalism and sabotage are unknown. We shall have to decide here whether we shall fight the Industrial Workers of the World with jail sentences or with the weapon suggested by the example of Australia.

ONE KIND OF ECONOMY.

The department of commerce and labor has sent out notice that the "Monthly Summary of Internal Commerce" has been discontinued, "no provision having been made in the appropriation act of the current fiscal year for its publication."

This was a very useful document. It provided clear and authoritative information about the movement of trade throughout the country. From its pages one could obtain a clew to the reason for price changes of commodities upon which the costs of living are based. You could learn what the railroads and the steamship companies were doing, what the lumber industry, and the salt industry, the copper smelters and steel mills were doing. Through the presentation of comparative figures, one knew the exact extent of the country's prosperity, or, in case of depression, what it amounted to.

But the gentlemen on Capitol Hill in Washington didn't think the summary worth while. They were practicing economy and so cut the item off the appropriation bill. Appreciating the spirit of economy so much we could find it in our hearts to applaud them for this, though we found the summary useful, if we did not know that no attempt was made to dam the drain on Uncle Sam's pockets from the publication and distribution of campaign literature under the guise of public documents.

A DEADLOCK ON ALASKA.

It is five years or more since the attention of the country was called to the tremendous stores of coal that lay in the wilderness of Alaska, attention coming not through the discoverers, but through the exposure of land grabbers and the struggles of rival railroad projectors for rights-of-way.

Though it is important that the thieves and exploiters shall not have control over the Alaskan coal fields, it is equally important that the fields be opened up and their rich resources be put to use to hasten the settlement and development of the territory and to bring about a reduction in the price of fuel all along the Pacific coast. Congress has done nothing in all these five years to make the coal available. It has rejected proposals for bettering the land and mineral laws. It has been deaf to the appeals of Alaskans and the urgings of the fuel users of Washington, Oregon and California.

The reason for this inertness is not indifference. It is because there has virtually been a deadlock at Washington as to the methods by which the Alaskan fields shall be opened. One faction is well content with the old schemes of private exploitation. Some of its members are in sympathy, if they are not in partnership, more or less, with the interests which have so far failed to get their claims recognized. In the other faction are conservationists, persons who believe the government should not part entirely with the coal lands, but should lease them, and others who would like to have Uncle Sam himself turn miner.

POSSIBLE METHOD OF REFORM.

From time to time some gesticulating and spluttering figure issues from the doors of a courtroom. When breath is restored, there rises a loud demand for immediate reform in the method by which lawyers question witnesses. "This thing of browbeating and insulting and torturing and vivisecting honest and decent citizens is an outrage and a shame and ought not to be tolerated in a free country." Nevertheless the institution survives. It has outlived many generations of indignant witnesses.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, who only a short time ago was Judge Gaynor, was in the witness chair the other day. He didn't like his experience and said so. Three times he threatened to leave the stand because he considered the questions irrelevant. He denounced the cross-examining as a scandal-mongering excursion. He rebuked his tormentor, referring scornfully to his small accumulation of years and experience. As a lawyer and a judge, Mr. Gaynor has, of course, seen a good deal of this kind of examination. Possibly, in his day, he has tangled witnesses in their own feet and enjoyed their agony hugely. From the bench he must, like other judges, have looked on at the operation and never once have felt a spasm of pity for the patient.

We may be sure that the career of the Spanish Inquisition would have ended ere it did if those who officiated therein had, by some accident of fate, to undergo the rack and the boot. The way that the bulldozing of witnesses will go out of fashion if it ever does, will be because some such lawyer of influence as Mayor Gaynor perceives the thing from the witnesses point of view. His voice might be loud enough to cause his fellow lawyers at least to listen.

Fifty European scientists have come to this country to study the political campaign in thirteen languages, not counting the one used by defeated candidates.

A Chicago man wants a divorce because his wife throws books at him. We have no ambition to become the author of a book that a woman would hurl at her husband's head.

Sunday School

THE HUNGRY MULTITUDE

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 22 Is "The Feeding of the Five Thousand." Mark 6:30-44.

By William T. Ellis.

The person who thinks that the office of religion is confined to the preaching of "the simple gospel" will have to cut out of his Bible the story of the feeding of the five thousand. He had like-minded prototypes in the first company of Jesus' friends. They wanted to send the hungry horde away to shift for themselves. Not so with the Master Himself; He never confined Himself to preaching a "simple gospel." He cared for men's bodies as well as for their souls. Much of His ministry was in response to physical need. When He came upon an economic problem He met it.

The truth cannot be escaped, as we study this miracle, the only one that was reported in all four gospels, a token of its unique importance, that the mission of the church is to all men and to all of men. The economic conditions of our time, the living wage for every worker, the purity of the food which the people eat, playgrounds for city children, the improvement of present social conditions—all these, and a score of allied problems, are within the sweep of the church's ministry. They are the inescapable tasks of 20th century Christianity.

Much is said about the busyness of a city, but it is noticeable that whenever any incident out of the ordinary occurs, be it the digging of a foundation for a new building, the plight of a cat up a telegraph pole, or the breaking down of an automobile, the crowds seem to have ample time for the spectacle. Let a great man come to town, and behold the multitude that throngs him! The questioning of these multitudes in Galilee for Christ is eloquent with the eternal lesson of the need for more and worthier life interests in the average breast. Half the evil of our time is not the result of premeditated viciousness, but a consequence of the eagerness for adventure, for new knowledge, for fresh interests, for excitement and diversion. It is the emptiness of life that fills the newspapers with scandal. We can scarcely too often quote the words of Tennyson:

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant.
> Oh, life, not death, for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

A Lakeside Conference.

The gathering of Christian workers by lake or sea for rest and conference is no new thing, even though we remark it as one of the characteristics of the religious life of our time. We find Jesus and His disciples driven by many cares and longing for leisure, so that at last they take ship and go to the other side of the northern end of Lake Galilee, that they might rest and receive instruction.

The bow that is never relaxed loses its power. The life that is kept forever under the pressure of work is not the most efficient in work. Our times, with their agitation for shorter hours and more rest days, are perceiving the wisdom of the interlude, which we here find written in the old story.

Yet there are higher claims than those of personal rest. The multitudes which sought the Master had needs which took precedence of His own. Every great soul is ready to spend itself in human service. Jesus looked upon the multitude: He saw them as sheep having no shepherd, and had compassion on them. The sanctity of His vacation yielded to the greater sanctity of humanity's needs.

The thoughtless, careless crowd, bent only on one object at a time, had forgotten to provide for its next meal in its pursuit of Jesus. It had been so engrossed with His teaching that it had given no heed to the claims of the body. So Jesus, as the dominant spirit of the situation, and in lesser degree his anxious apostles were confronted by the fact that here was a crowd of 5,000 persons with nothing to eat. The careful business man in the company had figured out that it would take $33 worth of bread to satisfy that hungry host—and $33 was more than the pooled resources of the Christian Church at that time could afford. The sum seemed small for such a large provision, but it was only bread that the people wanted—the large flat loaves such as are still eaten in the Holy Land today, and may be bought two for a cent.

The selfish, easy way out of the predicament was pointed out by some of the apostles: send the hungry hordes away; let their plight be upon their own heads; we wash our hands of them; their hunger is their own fault; they are too shiftless to look out for themselves, and therefore they deserve to suffer. The arguments sound familiar, do they not? But they were not such as Jesus heeded.

The Small Boy's Part.

A study of this miracle from the angle of the small boy who figures prominently in it appeals to the imagination. He was only a boy, a venturesome, restless, high-spirited lad, eager for excitement, and more interested in great things than his elders imagined. He was but one of the ubiquitous boys who always appear on the scene when there is excitement afoot.

This lad's thoughtful mother had put up for him a lunch. We have an insight into his character from the simple fact that he had been too engrossed in the teaching of Jesus to think of his food—and when a boy is so interested in anything that he forgets to eat, his interest may be counted real indeed.

The end of the day found this lad still in possession of his forgotten lunch, and thus Andrew, who had a genius for getting close to people found him and brought him to the Master's attention. Surely Andrew had no thought of a miracle. The closest to a miracle he saw in the occasion was the fact that amid all these hungry people it was a boy who saved his food. That what was a meal for the small boy should become a feast for the multitude was beyond his widest imagining.

The homely lesson that life's littles may be made much when given into the hands of Christ was taught by Jesus when He took the five loaves and two wee fishes that the boy gladly contributed, and prepared to serve the five thousand. He disposed the company in ordered array upon the hillside. There was a dignity and seemliness about the arrangements that impressed the simple folk with the idea that something extraordinary was about to happen.

Then the food was distributed by the apostles. When and how and where the five loaves and the two small fishes multiplied, we know not. The story is told without any embellishments. The rare simplicity of the narrative gives it grandeur. We only know that the food that was meant for one sufficed for five thousand, with twelve wallets full left over, and gathered up that there might be no waste.

The wonder of life's every-dayness awes the reverent. We are constantly in the presence of miracles. A dock strike interrupts the steady flow of food to a metropolis, and then men perceive for the first time the marvel of the orderly distribution of food in our civilization. Follow aught of life back far enough and we find ourselves receiving our daily providences from the hands of the Father. Malthie D. Babcock's beautiful lines, "Our Daily Bread," convey the lesson:

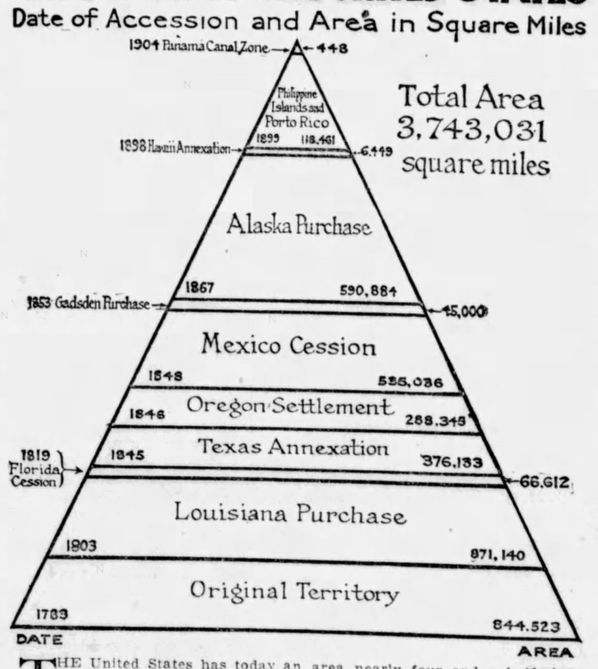
> "Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
> And back of the flour the mill;
> And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,
> And the sun and the Father's will."
>
> Christ the satisfier emerges in grandeur from his lakeside scene. He meets the needs of man. He offers Himself as the Bread of Life. In reverence we find ourselves crying the words of Mrs. Mary A. Lathbury:
>
> "Break Thou the Bread of Life, dear Lord, to me,
> As Thou didst break the loaves by Galilee."

America's Future Development

By Charles Stelzle

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES

Date of Accession and Area in Square Miles



THE United States has today an area nearly four and a half times as great as it was in 1783. In 1803, with the Louisiana purchase, the territory of this country was more than doubled. Steadily we have grown until in 1904 the Panama canal zone of 448 square miles was acquired. This latest acquisition will mean more to the United States than the mere saving of time in transporting freight. It will some day figure significantly in commanding the Pacific ocean, the future battleground of the world, for in this arena Russia, Japan, China and the United States will determine whether the world is to be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon race or by a nation which is foreign to most of the ideals which have made America great and powerful.

Thomas Carlyle once said, "Ye may boast o' yer dimocracy or any ither 'cracy or any kind o' poleetical roobish, but the reason why yer laboring folk are so happy is that ye have a vost deal o' land for a verra few people." But the day has gone by when the poor man can secure free land. We have reached the limit in this respect. We are facing a situation similar to that in many foreign lands. We have become land impoverished through our foolish generosity. Today by the mere fact of his arrival every immigrant increases the value of the land in the United States by $500. Every newborn babe has the same effect upon land values. Rents for the workingmen in our big cities have become exorbitant. The percentage of the renting farmers is increasing. In spite of our remarkable growth in land area there is a famine of land for the poor—the people on the margin—determine the status and the standards for the whole people with regard to national prosperity and happiness. The land question is one of the greatest importance and must be reckoned with by our statesmen.

Varieties

Jamaica has two cable stations and a wireless tower.

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans.

Named Lion, a new British battle cruiser has cost $10,500,000.

In France last year the births exceeded the deaths by 55,000.

New York has 13 Yiddish papers, three of them dailies.

Public stocks stood in the very heart of London as late as 1826.

Beet sugar to a total of 14,000,000 tons produced every year.

The silk production of Japan has nearly doubled in the last 10 years.

Twenty-four separate operations enter into the construction of a watch.

There are 287 gas-lighted buoys located on the waters of the United States.

Nearly every Shetland household has attached to it a flock of tame gulls.

The insurance companies of the United States in 1911 paid out $382,640,000.

Only about one per cent of the area of Ireland contains marketable timber.

London's latest horticultural show attracted 180,000 persons in eight days.

The largest stone statue in the world is in Japan, a figure 44 feet high

The bilge keels on battleships are being made larger to prevent excessive rolling.

Public entertainments in London given on Sundays are attended by 200,000 persons.

Norwegian whalers are reaping large profits fishing in the South African waters.

The Russian government has put the sable hunters out of business for three years.

Natives of Hong-Kong are fond of enlarged pictures of photographed family groups.

The records show that 323 valuable pictures have been purloined from the Louvre.

The daily average variation of the clock on the house of parliament is 0.97 of a second.

The United States consumes more spun and manufactured silk than any other country.

German passenger trains are not remarkably fast, but they usually keep to schedule.

The germs which make brewers' yeast are stronger alcohol producers than any other yeast.

The amount of coal consumed in the city of New York in 1911 amounted to 19,000,000 tons.

Argentine's wine business is assuming large proportions. Last year's yield was 390,093,381 liters.

The late King Edward of England was insured for $4,500,000 during the last two years of his lift.

Shipping casualties of all nationalities last year totaled 108 vessels, with a tonnage of 114,231.

Tokio has a female population of 752,000, and of these 191,000 are employed outside of their own families.

The United States ranks first in production, exports and imports in 16 out of 34 industries.

Calcutta, with a population of nearly 1,500,000, is the second city of Great Britain.

Wireless apparatus which has worked successfully from heights of 2,000 feet has been perfected by a French aviator.

In Bohemia a process has been perfected whereby paper is spun into thread and woven into a substitute for jute.

In one year 4,472 hours of sunshine are possible, but there are not many places where the maximum is experienced.

Tobacco growing for small farmers in the open and large ones under cover offers opportunities in New England.

King Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy is insured for $2,500,000, while the late king carried double that amount.

German's fastest train runs between Berlin and Hamburg and maintains an average speed of 55.177 miles an hour.

Somebody could combine business with sport in India — killing the wild pigs and having their skins converted into leather.

A time recorder showing the actual time that an automobile is in use has been patented by a Connecticut man.

Trousers can be neatly creased without removal from their wearer by irons that have been invented by a Wisconsin man.

Female school physicians have recently been appointed in four German cities, Munich, Nuremberg, Colmar and Hochs.

A camera which will enable motion pictures of the aurora borealis to be made has been perfected by a Swedish scientist.

The total number of parliamentary electors in the United Kingdom is now 7,984,600, an increase of 80,925 over last year.

A single-wheeled road cart that can be taken anywhere that a horse can go maintains its balance by the use of special harness.

The insurance policies written in this country during the last year amounted to $400,000,000 more than that of the previous year.

A new German aeroplane propeller is built up of leather upon a nickel steel frame, the claim being that it is indestructible.

A simple broiler invented by an Englishman is a tent-shaped wire frame in which pieces of meat are hung over a stove opening.

Iron, nickel and copper compose a new white, non-corrosive alloy that can be rolled, drawn and cast, the invention of a Philadelphian.

Two Belgian army officers have invented a carriage for machine guns which can be drawn by dogs, the wheels having pneumatic tires.

For signaling purposes a pocket flashlight has been invented with interchangeable colored lenses, mounted on the end of a movable arm.

The international polar commission will convene in Rome during the meeting of the tenth international geographical congress, on April 2, 1913.

In a new French nutmeg grater the grating portion is a circular plate which is revolved by a crank as a nut is held against it within a tube.

So concentrated is the heat in an electric-range that a new kitchen cabinet contains both a refrigerator and a range but a few inches apart.

American newspapers and magazines advertising American automobiles and giving prices are in possession of enthusiasts in southern Russia.

AMERICAN SAILORS ARE FIRED ON IN STREETS OF NICARAGUAN TOWN

Bluefields, Nicaragua, Sept. 16.—American sailors from the gunboat Tacoma were fired upon on the streets here last night during anti-American demonstration incident to the celebration of the anniversary of Central American independence. A mob of excited Nicaraguans was formed immediately and for a moment bloodshed was threatened.

Prompt action by Lieut. Lowell, in command of the landing force of marines undoubtedly prevented more serious results. He rushed his men to the scene of the trouble and dispersed the mob.

The entire force of Americans patrolled the streets of the city during the night and prevented the assembling of natives in groups.

The sailors who were fired upon by unknown Nicaraguans were not hurt.

Quiet prevails here this morning, but it is realized that the situation remains critical. A strong anti-American feeling exists here and in other parts of Nicaragua and the action of the mob last night did not come altogether unexpectedly.

Articles denunciatory of Americans have appeared in the local newspapers.

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Here is the fairest proposition one woman can make to another

Send us a sample of your hair and we will make you this beautiful **22-inch Human Hair Switch to match.** If it is satisfactory, send us $1.50 within 10 days, or sell three to your friends and get yours **absolutely free.** Extra shades cost a trifle more. These Quality Switches are all made in our own sanitary factory of all human hair from Europe's peasantry. We have no salesmen or dealers. Our only agents are our customers. This 22-inch switch would cost you elsewhere from two to three dollars. It is soft and lustrous, full length and weight, and can be had in straight or wavy hair.

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BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

4634—Ladies' One-Piece Apron.

No more practical or convenient type of apron is designed than is shown. It is made by a single pattern and is very easy to put on and off. It may be fashioned from gingham percale or crossbar lawn. It is simple to make. The pattern 4634 is cut in sizes 32, 36 and 44 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4¼ yards of 36 in. material.

5950—Girls' Dress.

This dainty little frock is simplicity itself in construction and is a type of garment generally becoming. It closes at the back in duchess style and may be finished with long or short sleeves. The yoke is outlined with bands of contrasting goods which also form the cuffs.

The pattern 5950 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material and ½ yard of 24 inch contrasting goods.

5947—Boys' Russian Suit.

This is a clever little garment for a small boy and one of the nicest types of the Russian blouse suit. The blouse closes at the front in duchess style and the trousers are finished with legbands or elastics. The turn-down collar and belt are of contrasting material and the sleeves are gathered at the wrist.

The pattern 5947 is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material and ⅝ yard of contrasting goods.

5931—Girls' Double-Breasted Coat.

This attractive coat model is a double-breasted design and has applied straps. A belt slipped under the straps holds the garment in place and adds to its good style. The big collar is a pretty feature and this with the turned-back cuffs is fashioned of contrasting goods.

The pattern 5931 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material and ⅞ yard of 27 inch contrasting material.

5957—Ladies' and Misses' Night Gown

This is a pretty but very simple night robe. It is made with kimono sleeves and may have the armholes cut low or high. The neck may be finished with a ribbon through beading at the neck. Cambric, nainsook or lawn may be used. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6¾ yds. of 36 in. material and 2 yds. of ribbon.

5940—Infant's Dress.

This is quite a dainty slip and is different from the ordinary models. It is very easy to make and may be trimmed with insertion as illustrated or made plain. The garment is made to be slipped on over the head and is buttoned together along the upper part of the sleeves.

The pattern 5940 is cut in one size and requires 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material with 1⅛ yards of insertion and ½ yard of edging.

5328—Child's Box Coat.

For good weather and bad the box coat is always suitable. One like the illustration may be made of velveteen, which is very fashionable this season or of serge tweed or some of the reversible cloths.

The cut of the garment is plain, the only ornamentation being furnished by the large collar and little inner shield. These may be made of contrasting material with good effect.

The pattern 5328 is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 1½ yards of 54 inch material with ⅝ yard of contrasting fabric the same width.

5943—Ladies' Middy Dress.

This is the nicest type of the fashionable middy dress and is one particularly easy to develop. The garment closes at the left side of the front and has the blouse joined to a 6-gored skirt. White serge can be used to good advantage and other available materials include checked goods, whipcord, cashmere and silk.

The pattern 5943 is cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 6¾ yds. of 36 in. material.

5939—Children's Dress.

The pretty little dress given in this design closes at the back and can be made with long or short sleeves. It is quite chic, fashioned of white mohair with blue pencil stripe and blue satin revers, cuffs and belt. The new deep armholes are featured and the whole appearance of the frock is charming.

The pattern 5939 is cut in sizes 3, 5 and 7 years. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 36 inch material and ¾ yard of 27 inch contrasting goods.

EIGHT SAILORS DIE AS BOAT UPTURNS

And Three Other Apprentice Seamen Are Among Missing After Squall.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Three more bodies were recovered from Lake Michigan, near Lake Bluff today, bringing to eight the list of known dead in the accident yesterday when a 36-foot cutter, containing 24 recruits of the United States naval training station, overturned while the party was out sailing.

Three boys still are missing.

Included in the bodies recovered today was that of Chief Gunners' Mate W. E. Negus, who died while heroically trying to save his companions. When the boat overturned Negus grabbed two of the recruits and started for shore. He rescued one of them and went back to assist others. In all, 14 men either swam to shore or were rescued and Negus aided nearly all of them.

Captain W. F. Fullam, of the training station said it would be necessary to summon all the seamen for a general roll call before it could be definitely determined how many had been lost.

An inquest was to be begun at the station during the day. It was expected that several points regarding the trip would be cleared up at this time. There were reports that the boat had been taken out without permission and that life preservers and bailing equipment were not carried on board.

The apprentices were drowned as the result of the capsizing of a cutter from the United States naval training station at North Chicago. The party in which were 24 apprentices left the training station shortly after 2 o'clock in charge of Gunners Mate Meagus and after cruising about for two hours, headed for North Chicago.

A few minutes later, while the cutter was north of Lake Forest, a squall struck the boat, the sails were lowered and an anchor was thrown out. Meagus, it is said, planned to let the cutter ride out the storm, but the waves soon were running so high that the boat dragged its anchor and gradually was being driven onto the beach. When within 200 feet of the shore the cutter overturned and its occupants were thrown into the water.

DAYTON FOR G.A.R. MEET

No Decision, but Gem City Leads for Honor.

Los Angeles, Sept. 14.—With the election of Judge Alfred B. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., as commander-in-chief for the ensuing year and the placing of the election of the next encampment city in the hands of the administrative council, the 46th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is officially ended.

The council of administration held a session last night and discussed the matter of the 1913 encampment city. Denver was eliminated at the morning session of the convention, and Dayton, O., seems to be most in favor. At a late hour no decision had been reached.

The officers elected are:

Commander-in-Chief—Judge Alfred B. Beers, Bridgeport, Conn.

Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief—H. Z. Osborn, Los Angeles.

Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief—Americus Wheedon, Louisville, Ky.

Chaplain-in-Chief—Rev. George E. Lovejoy, Boston.

Surgeon General—Dr. L. L. Whitaker, San Antonio, Tex.

Quartermaster General—C. D. R. Stowitz, Buffalo, N. Y., (re-elected).

After his election as commander-in-chief Judge Beers named Henry J. Seeley, of Bridgeport, Conn., adjutant general.

Judge Beers was selected on the first ballot. His only opponent was Judge William R. Warnock, of Urbana, O., commander of the department of Ohio.

$200,000,000 RAILROAD DEAL

Morgan and 14 Roads Plan Solution of Chicago Freight Problem.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—According to a morning paper, a railroad enterprise involving an expenditure of $200,000,000 was launched yesterday by J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., and 14 railroads entering Chicago. The plan embraces a complete solution of the freight handling problem in Chicago in that half of the bond issue will be set aside for passenger and freight terminals. The papers for the project are said to have been signed by all concerned. The first issue of $25,000,000 bonds it is said will be offered at once.

A great passenger and freight terminal will be erected on the site bounded by Polk, Sixteenth, Clark and State streets, within which bounds the Dearborn street station and the yards and freight houses of railroads are now situated. The plan is also said to involve the outright purchase of entire railroads, notably the Chicago and Western Indiana, and the Belt line.

WOMEN TO NAME STATE TICKET

Boise, Idaho, Sept. 11.—A Republican ticket made up entirely of women candidates will be placed in the field in Idaho this fall against the regular Republican and Progressive tickets.

The women members of the Republican party in Idaho announced last night that they had become disgusted with the wrangling within the party and had decided to place a ticket of their own before the people. The women will hold their convention here this week.

ANSBERRY IS RECUPERATING

Defiance, Sept. 12.—Private advices from the bedside of Congressman Timothy Ansbery, who is ill in Augusta, Me., are to the effect that he is resting easily following an operation.

Ansbery was sent to Maine by the Democratic national committee and was taken seriously ill in Augusta, suffering a collapse while speaking. His ailment is due to stomach trouble.

A Thing Worth Knowing.

No need of cutting off a man's nose or cheek or a woman's breast in a vain attempt to cure cancer—no need of submitting to the knife or burning plaster. Frequently one injection in selected cases, of our Liquid Laboratory Product directly into the cancer or tumor instantly kills it. Write for free treatise and booklet to the Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind.

What Does a Change Mean for YOU?

TWO GROUPS of zealous politicians are crying to the country for a change in our National Administration.

They want to take charge of the nation. *They* want to administer public affairs.

And they promise wildly, eagerly, what *they* will do in return---if *only* they are granted control.

From Maine to California, their words fill the air.

And have *you*, the workers and taxpayers, whose affairs these gentlemen would control, stopped to analyze their proffers and promises?

You should.

To the politicians themselves these proffers and promises are of no special importance. *They* have nothing to lose. They have *everything* to gain. If they lose, they win; for the contest will keep them in the limelight.

But for you, the workers and taxpayers, this contest is serious business, and you should weigh the consequences with a serious mind. Don't take mere words. Seek facts.

Out of this whirlwind of language which the "spellbinders" send beating about your ears, what is it that stands out, first, last and all the time?

"We want a change in Washington."

A change for what? To what?

The present administration, after nearly four years' hard work, has finally succeeded in restoring the country's business to a prosperous basis.

The mills are running full time. Mines are operating all their shifts. Factories are working to capacity. Commerce is thriving. The country is free from labor troubles and financial troubles.

The working man is steadily gaining better wages. The farmer is growing steadily more prosperous. The market for farm products has never been so broad and generous.

The railroads report the heaviest freight and passenger traffic in their existence. Shipping is everywhere active. Public works on a great scale are everywhere under way. Trade is moving smoothly, in ever increasing volume. The savings banks are overflowing with money.

The United States is on the threshold of the greatest boom in its history. Within six months, under present conditions, we will dwarf the great period that followed the Spanish War.

And our prosperity will be here to stay, for we are on sounder ground than we were in '98.

The trust problem has been settled---and settled right. "Big Business" has been put in its proper place, and this without halting industry or disorganizing affairs. The currency question is understood as it never has been, and will be solved along sound lines as soon as the heat of partisan political controversy dies down. The tariff is gradually being placed on a business basis, and soon will be out of politics, as it should.

Everything is shaping to give the American people a long, unbroken, unparalleled period of peace and plenty.

And at this time of all others, along come these political gentlemen shouting for a change.

Do *you* want to change? Do *you* want to check prosperity just as you are about to pluck its choicest fruits?

Would *you*, the workers who must pay, commit the mad folly of taking your government out of tried and proven hands and turning it over to the self-seekers who are clamoring for its control?

When President Taft took over the government the country was prostrate. Industry was paralyzed. Business was chaotic, uncertain, suspicious. Millions were out of employment. Investors, wherever possible, had withdrawn their capital. Enterprise was dead.

All of this the result of the panic of 1907, the "talking panic." The "Rich Man's" Panic, it was called. But do you remember any poor man who was not hurt?

It took the Taft administration over three years to repair the damage of this panic. It required infinite patience, skilful management at home and abroad, unflinching enterprise, good judgment and vast prudence to bring the country out of that black pit.

And now that the pit is covered, and the country is basking once more in the level sunshine of prosperity, do *you* want to take a chance on being thrown back? Do *you* want to take a chance on being talked into another and a needless panic?

It is a grave problem that confronts you. Whether you are a motorman or railroad president, a day laborer or millionaire, the issues are the same---either continued prosperity under a sane, stable government, or a plunge into a period of experiment.

The question is not to be settled by talk, no matter how smart. The huzzahs of the hustings may make sweet music, but in the background of the future you may hear the mutterings of a people unemployed.

Your family stands with you at the dividing line, which has happiness and prosperity on one side and unhappiness and even want on the other.

If you are a tramp, without kindred and without responsibility, by all means follow the adventurers. But if you own a stake in the country, if you have kith or kin dependent on the job you hold, weigh carefully the words and deeds of those who would lead you in a mad gallop to the precipice of experimental government.

Remember, a change at Washington would mean *everything* for them. But what would it mean for *you*?

Would Mr. Taft's defeat help *you*?

Would the theories, untried and unproven, on which the politicians are seeking to ride into office, benefit *your* wife and family?

Brush aside all the fine language of the orators long enough to dig out answers to *these* questions. You will then have a reasonably safe guide on Election Day, for, like true charity, true politics begins at home. The intelligent man votes for that which is best for *himself and those dependent on him*, and *not* for that which is best only for the *other fellow*. He is not misled by the shadow of the bone in the water.

The American people, for the first time in years, have the bone of prosperity firmly between their teeth. Are they prepared, like the dog in the fable, to drop it to chase illusive shadows?

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE,
Charles D. Hilles, Chairman James B. Reynolds, Secretary

PANAMA CANAL OPENS IN 1913

Washington, Sept. 14.—The Panama Canal is to be opened to traffic in the fall of 1913. This statement was made officially at the navy department today with the announcement that the Atlantic fleet would be rendezvoused at Colon this winter before the water is turned in. The navy's estimate is based upon the latest report from the army engineers.

TAFT FILMS ARE SPOILED

Posed for Movies and Must Do It All Over.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 12.—President Taft posed for the moving picture men yesterday. He planted a hickory tree while the shutters whirred off hundreds of feet of film, and sat with Mrs. Taft on the veranda of Parramatta while the machines were pointed at him and then learned that it all must be done over again. A light fall of rain and overcast skies spoiled the films. Another try will be made today if the weather is good.

DOMESTIC SUGAR BEET SEED

Government Will Attempt to Raise the Article Here.

Washington, Sept. 12. — Foreign grown sugar beet seed, upon which the entire beet sugar industry of this country now is dependent, may be abandoned before very long for a domestic product. The department of agriculture's bureau of plant industry is planning extensive experiments to determine whether or not high grade seed can be raised in the United States.

GREENLAND FINALLY CROSSED

Copenhagen, Sept. 13.—Greenland has been crossed for the first time from west to east over the barren ice by the Swiss expedition under Dr. De Quervain, joint director of the Swiss Central Meteorological Institute, who is now at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland.

The expedition started from Jakobschawn, in Danish northwest Greenland, and marched for three months over the ice wastes.

BED WETTING Lack of Control of Water CURED. SOC BOX FREE C. H. KOWAN CO., Dept. 26, CHI., ILL.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN Send 2c stamp for catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET GOODS AND REMEDIES. FAIRBANK SUPPLY HOUSE. 60 Wabash Ave., Chicago

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MEN, THE PSYCHROPHORE, Improved and simplified by us, affords quick relief in most forms of weakness. **Your physician will instantly indorse it.** Write for sealed description and many references. **No other method like it. ERIE MEDICAL CO.,** Dept. E, 1401 Main St., **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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CHICHESTER'S PILLS THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-che-ster's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N.Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. **Do not delay but write TO-DAY.**

Notice to Our Readers

If you would like to have your neighbor or friend receive a sample copy of the Toledo Blade, send us the name and address on the following blank. Or you may send us a list of names on a postal card. We will greatly appreciate this favor.

Name.....Postoffice.....

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The PEACE PAGE.

A NATURE PICTURE

By Derinda.

Note—Some time ago I asked for letters for the shut-ins that were full of the beauty and thrill of the out-of-doors. Some few were sent to me. One came too late for use then, but it is so beautiful that I feel that I must use it now. It was written in the spring, but the descriptive passages are as good for this season as the early springtime.—The Editor.

The springtime in the lake region of central New York is a dream of beauty. Over valley and hill the whisper of the soft warm winds, followed by the gentle patter of the rain, in early April, brought the crocuses and daffodils springing up as if by magic. Soon the meadows were tinged with green and in the bare branches of the trees there was a wonderful development. First, the bud, then the opening leaf, and the tree appeared with graceful branches and leafy foliage, standing amid a carpet of deepest green.

Along the winding country road, over hill and through the valley, the wild strawberry blossomed and the mountain pink adorned many a sunny knoll, while bright yellow-eyed dandelions shone forth in greeting to the passerby.

On the uplands of charming Seneca Lake, vineyard, orchard and fair meadows have reached the culmination of beauty early in June and the water shines through leafy branches, the sun sparkles and gleams like golden shadows across the blue to the distant hills beyond, where patches of woodland make a dark background, and dots of white dimly appear surrounded by adjacent fields, tilled by the thrifty farmer folk. We gaze long at the distant hillside and discern higher up two church spires standing out like grim sentinels against the sky. Among the hills tiny villages nestle, with white cottage homes and the fields sloping gently down to the lake. Sometimes precipitous rocks guard the waters, and often the shore is reached by strips of sandy beach. The lake winds a crooked way, indented by many grassy points projecting into the water.

Here in other days the Indian, in birch canoe, floated across the waters or hid in ravine and deep gorge from the invading white man, or where now there are fair meadows were ance his battle grounds. Among the rocks the council fires often burned, and great chiefs gathered in days of yore, while Queen Esther rode forth in state among these familiar scenes.

History tells how the Indian loved the lake and glen, and for many years after they departed a few of the stalwart red men would return in midsummer to the head waters of the glen, as if loath to leave this favored spot. Here once more the tent was pitched and the Indian family would busily weave fancy baskets in the old-time way. But the advance of progress certainly meant doom to the warrior. The giant trees had fallen and in their place the fertile ground yielded abundant harvests and the products were soon mingling in the commerce of the Empire state.

Oh! the balmy breezes of the springtime! How all nature thrills and awakens into wondrous beauty! Then the poetry of the June days and the chirp of the happy robin as he flies back and forth to the nestlings in the apple tree, anticipating the joy of the cherry time, and the merry twitter of many birds as the cherry ripens in the sunshine.

As we walk back across the field of clover we come to the apple orchard, where rows of trees are blossomed with beautiful shadings, from deep red to shell pink, making a wondrous show. And further on, in the pasture, where lambs frolic and jump because spring is here, the cattle browse contentedly, standing knee-deep in dewy grass.

Of all the pictures painted by artistic friends none equals the real beauty of a nature picture in the country.

THE COZY CORNER

THE RIGHT SORT OF CHILDREN

Dear Blade Readers—Having read in The Blade about smart children it brought to my mind a little boy who will be six years of age in November. He is being cared for by his grandparents. I visited there this summer and the men folks being away, said, "Harold, can you get some potatoes from your garden?" The little fellow went out and soon returned with some nice ones which he had raised. No one had anything to do with preparing the ground and caring for the potatoes but himself. I must also tell you of a little granddaughter of my own, whose name is Annie. One day she was trying to button her waist at the back when her sister Flora offered to help her. She refused assistance, saying, "God helps those who help themselves." She accomplished the task, although but seven years of age. Children like these will work their way through life and overcome all the obstacles.—Grannie King.

WELCOME, FRIEND JIM!

Dear People of the Cozy Corner—Our Corner looks a little different since last I sat in it. The windows are open to let in the fresh breeze and white curtains rise and fall with each gust. Flowers are everywhere. Well, what have you all been doing this summer? Busy as bees, all of you, I'll warrant. As for me, I have had my hands blessedly full of good healthy work. I raised 132 chickens and cared for two large vegetable gardens besides the usual round of household duties. You should see my parsnips, onions, beets, rutabagas, cabbage, sunflowers (for chicken feed), sweet corn, etc. I have just worlds of squash and pumpkins. The latter means fine pies for Thanksgiving. Come up to see me about that time. Doesn't it make your mouth water? My chickens have bought me a new sewing machine. There have been some awful storms here this summer. Two weeks ago after one of the recent storms a man went out to his barn and found his horses and cattle standing in water up to their necks. That is only one account. We have a dear colt which we call Montie. That is a boy's name, we know, but we named her for her father, who is a fine horse. Montie does so many cute things. Wishing you all good health and happiness, I am, as ever, your Cozy Corner friend—Jim of Kingsley.

A KANSAS TEACHER

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—I have been reading the Cozy Corner letters for several years, but never before ventured to write. I read F. E. H.'s letter on card playing and I certainly agree with her. The church members who play cards may be more able to attract attention by their talk or prayer, but I think the prayer of a mother, earnest and devoted as F. E. H.'s seems to be, will be heard and answered.

I am a western school teacher and have been teaching for five years. I like to teach school, but it is like any other work, we sometimes get so discouraged that we feel as if we wanted to quit. I live on a small farm 18 miles northwest of Selden, Kan. I have been at home since April and have been very busy. I am a hired hand on the farm, doing anything to help along. Times are pretty hard here in Kansas again. We had no crop to speak of last year, but things are a little more favorable this year. Wishing the Cozy Corner many future blessings, I am—A. M. of Kansas.

OUR COOK BOOK

Bisque of Crab or Lobster.

Have ready half a pint of crab meat, removed from the shell. Put in a saucepan over the fire two tablespoons each of butter and flour. Stir until smooth. Then add very gradually one quart of hot cream and one quart of milk. Have perfectly free from lumps. Season rather highly with white pepper, a dash of cayenne, a little salt and a wine glass of sherry and add the crab or lobster meat. Boil for a few moments and serve.

Soft Dough for English Muffins.

English muffins are made of a soft sponge (foundation for good home-made bread), rolled out and cut like biscuit, but baked on a griddle on top of the stove. When one side is brown turn over and brown the other side.

Fried Coffee Rolls.

Take a portion of bread dough and roll out as you would for soda biscuit and cut with biscuit cutter.

Let it stand for 15 minutes, then roll each portion lightly with roller and fry in hot lard as you would doughnuts, a few at a time.

Mustard Pickle Paste.

A pint of vinegar, a tablespoon of tumeric, two tablespoons of mustard, one and two-thirds cups of sugar and one-half cup of flour.

Beaten Biscuit.

One quart of flour, two and one-half ounces of butter, one teaspoon of salt; stir up the greater part of the flour with the milk and butter and beat for twenty minutes, adding the rest of the flour as you beat. Divide the dough into 14 biscuits, stick with a fork and bake in a hot oven one-half hour.

Fried Tripe.

Tripe soused can be taken out of the vinegar to be fried, but must be dried first on a clean towel and sifted flour sprinkled over it and fried crisp in butter or broiled.

Rice Pone.

To two cupfuls of boiled rice, add three well beaten eggs, two cupfuls of milk, one teaspoon of salt, three-fourths of a cup of corn meal and three tablespoons of melted butter. Beat all well together and bake in a shallow well greased pan. The oven should be very hot.

Pickled Pears.

Nine pounds of the fruit, three pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, mixed spices to taste and the juice of two lemons. Cook until thick and put in crocks.

Creamed Codfish.

Take a pound of thick salt codfish, clean it thoroughly and soak it over night in cold water, then place it in a pan of buttermilk or sour milk and let it remain for a couple of days. Take it dripping from the milk and put it on a wire gridiron over a clear fire and broil well on both sides, no matter if the little bubbles of milk are scorched. Before putting on a deep hot platter, scrape off the burned bubbles, pour over it a sauce made of a cup of cream, butter the size of an egg and plenty of pepper. Let it come to a boil and pour over the broiled fish after picking the flakes of the fish loose. To be eaten with baked potatoes fresh from the oven.

Frizzled Beef.

Take one pound of smoked beef and have it chipped very fine and small from the ham, from which the outside must be carefully removed as the mould would spoil it. Have two tablespoons of butter nicely browned in an iron spider, then by degrees sprinkle in the beef, stirring it constantly until it is crisp and brown; then add by degrees two tablespoons of flour and stir until it is browned, a nice red brown, not scorched, then add boiling water enough to make a thick brown gravy. Add pepper.

Tomato Sauce.

One quart of vinegar (cider), two pounds of brown sugar, four quarts of ripe tomatoes, peel and cut up, season highly with cinnamon, cloves, allspice, salt and pepper. Some black and white mustard seeds, boil slowly four or five hours. Good with cold meats.

EDITOR'S LETTER

Way back in March a favor was asked of me, and the letter was mislaid with a great number of other letters and I have just come across it. It may be useless now, but I shall pass it on.

"Dear Friends and Neighbors—I want to ask a favor of you. I have a friend, an old lady has had rheumatism for six years and has not been able to walk for some time except on crutches. Last summer she could not walk at all. She is a busy little body, piecing quilts and doing everything that she can to keep herself busy. While lying asleep a few nights ago, about 40 pounds of plaster came down on the bed and broke the poor lady's limbs. What I want my Blade friends to do is to send her little tokens, anything to brighten a lonely life. Let us give her a post-card shower. What say you? Her name is Mrs. Len Williams, Harrison Valley, Pa." I am passing this to you and you may find out for yourselves if you can do anything to brighten up the hours of the sickroom that go so slowly by, like gray sand in an hour-glass.

Here is another request. Someone wants a recipe for sweet spiced cucumber pickles. Can you help me out?

Greenie of Wisconsin asks how to prepare vegetable oyster and wants to know at what season of the year she can get it in her locality.

Mrs. Laurie Flowers of Blundon, W. Va., writes to Mrs. John Carter who wrote for information regarding her people some time ago. "You said that your grandfather's name was Benjamin Flowers. My husband's father's name was Samuel Flowers and he married a Sarah Beard. Write to me and I will give you all the information that I have."

Aren't those letters interesting to you all? There is so much romance hidden in those simple requests to "tell me something of my people, anyone who can." I get so many of those in every mail. Some of them I can answer without appealing to you for help. But there are many that I have to call on you to help me with. But just the upon you to help me with. But just the same, don't you enjoy them?

"Here is an item that I know," writes one of our friends. "On an orange tree in southern California, are growing at the same time, oranges, lemons and grape fruit. Some are nearly ripe and there are also blossoms and green fruit."

I wish you would tell us more about this wonderful tree. And haven't you a large picture of it so that it would show all these marvels? I would very much like to publish it. Another bit of interesting history comes from J. L. Pounds, of Pa. "I was wounded on May 12, 1864 and was sent to the West Pennsylvania hospital at Pittsburg. After I became able to be around I went to the theatre one night and heard some singers giving that old song I saw asked for the other day in The Blade, "Our Grandfathers' Days." To see the request reminded me of the old times. How many remember them?"

I also received an interesting letter disputing an anti-suffrage letter published in a late issue and I think it worth publishing enclosed in my letter.

"Peace Page Friends.—I know it is not my turn to write again so soon, but may I ask out anti-suffrage friends who say, "the polls are not a fit place for a woman," if men's misuse of them has made them unfit for women, why not let women purify them? Women have purified everything they have touched, unless men have prevented them, and if the right to suffrage would degrade women, do not the conditions men have made by the ballot degrade them also? A sermon could be preached on this subject, that no argument could upset. If woman suffrage would save Pennsylvania from ourselves, we would bless our saviors. —Pennemite Jake."

I think that is one of the prettiest tributes to womankind that I have read for a long time."Women have purified everything they have touched unless men have prevented them." Think that over. It is worth it and I think Jake must be very much worth knowing. Write again.—The Editor.

Oldest of Lighthouses.

Argonaut.

At La Coruna, in northern Spain, may be seen a fire tower which is, with the exception of the ruins of the Roman lighthouse at Dover, the oldest of all existing structures of this kind. The exact date of the erection of this tower is unknown. According to an ancient tradition it is accredited to Hercules, whence its name Torre de Hercules. Others say that Phoenicians, who had established several colonies in Spain, had erected this light tower for their northland cruises. However, judging from the inscription, it is more probable that the Roman emperor Trajan (98 or 117 A. D.) erected this structure. The inscription also mentions the name of Servius Supus, of Lusitania, as the architect. The tower is built of ashlars and is nine emters square and 40 meters in height. It has six separate stories, which can only be reached by a circular staircase around the exterior of the tower. The lighthouse was restored in 1684, but at the end of the eighteenth century was again in ruins. In 1797 it was rebuilt by the Spanish goverment, and still sends forth its beams.

The Value of Play.

Answers, London.

Self improvement societies that have tried to find the best way to live have never discovered anything more valuable than play.

A man may shake up a continent by his energy, or build kingdoms by his brains, but, so far as his personal life is concerned, he has been a failure if he has not learned to play. Play, of course, is not confined to games. It may be a walk in the woods, a row on the river, a sail on the lake; to some, tending their garden; to others, chopping wood. To play is to follow the irresponsible inclination which gives the most pleasure with the least mental strain and bodily wear.

Ideal play is a brief period of carefree living snatched from the regular routine. It is enjoying the pleasure of being alive; it is absorbing from the earth and air and sun without conscious effort. More and more we are trying to teach the children how to play, but we do not know ourselves. We send our children to the public playground, and go on ourselves getting heavy and gloomy and nervous. We shall be happier if we alter this.

BOY COAL MINERS

These boys are the typical "breaker" boys of the Pennsylvania coal mine regions. A book called Coal and the Coal Mines, published by the Houghton, Mifflin & Co., gives a vivid picture of these boys and their conditions. It is by Mr. Homer Green and he describes them in the following words:

"One who has been long accustomed to these boys can generally tell the nature of their several occupations by the way in which they try to amuse themselves. The driver boys are inclined to be rude and boisterous in their fun, free and impertinent in their manner, and chafe greatly under restraint. The slate-pickers, confined all day at their tasks, with no opportunity for sport of any kind, are inclined to bubble over when night and freedom come, but as a rule they are too tired to display more than a passing effort at jocularity. Door boys are quiet and contemplative. Sitting so long alone in the darkness they become thoughtful, sober, sometimes melancholy. They go silently to their homes when they leave the mine; they do not stop to play tricks or to joke with their fellows; they do not run, nor sing, nor whistle. Darkness and silence are always depressing, and so much of it in these young lives cannot help but sadden without sweetening them."

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

MOTHERS' LETTERS

Dear Friends—I like to read the good letters from the mothers all over our vast country, who seem to be so greatly interested in the training of their children. I am proud of the sister who opposes card playing. Let us put good examples before our children and let us do the things that we shall not mind their doing later in life. I see, also, so many letters regarding church and Sunday school that I enjoy. I believe that is one sort of occupation that we ought to devote great attention to. We cannot do too much for the church and for the Sunday school which prepares our children for the church. I am afraid this sounds as though I were attempting to preach, but as it is first attempt, perhaps you will forgive me.—G. W. Weever, Tenn.

INSPIRED BY AUNT FLORENCE

Dear Blade Readers—I just picked up The Blade and began to read the last of a letter written by Aunt Florence of Ohio, and it struck me strongly enough to sit down at once and write to the paper. I have been a reader of this paper since Nasby wrote his wonderful letters for it. Since that time there have been many changes in it. But in reading Aunt Florence's letter what appealed to me was what the women did while the men went to war. The song rings in my ears yet when I think of it. "Gone, gone to the war!" What I lost by my brother's going was a good education. I wanted to go to school so badly, but I had to stay on the farm and take the place of the brothers who were gone. There were two girls of us. We had no mother, and so it was indoors and outdoors work, both, for us. However, it was then that I began to do much solid reading. And I have never stopped. The topic I am most interested in is politics. Our days may be getting better, but many of our public and wealthy men are not. I am thankful that we have a few who are honest and who will fight for the right. We used to have envelopes with some printed matter in the left-hand corner saying "God speed the right." But today I wish we might have envelopes with "God speed woman's rights." I am an old, white-haired woman, but I have always wanted to vote. You all know that it takes a woman to clean house, and a woman can see dirt where a man has to fall over it, and I do not believe that our country and its affairs will be straightened out until woman has the vote and can do a little national housecleaning. But I would advise all women to quit reading trashy literature and take up the big, serious problems.—Aunt Minah of Ohio.

MEMORIES

Dear Friends—I am writing this, desiring to put before others the memory of something so infinitely beautiful and sweet. It is the memory of two sunsets. Tonight as I stood by my west window and looked out at the sky there was something in the crimson and gold of the sunset that took me back to the past. And I was no longer a woman, middle-aged and careworn, but a happy young girl in the home of my girlhood. And in fancy I stood again by one of the west windows in my dear old home. The autumn tinted woods in the distance, the fields of wheat and rye, rivaling the fresh green tints of early spring, a little lake that, clear as a mirror, reflected the dark green of the pines, the red and gold of the maples, the bushes with clusters of berries and the sunset tinted sky with its golden light shining over all. Moved as I ever am by the beauties of nature, I felt a desire to be alone. And I stole quietly out of the front door. Then I went on down the well trodden path through the bare brown meadow to the orchard and sat down under my favorite tree. I sat there dreaming happy girlish dreams till the beautiful colors had faded and the evening star was shining faintly in the sky. Then I heard the sound of a merry whistle and saw a boyish form coming through the dusk. And a dark-eyed, smiling boy came to my side. And we walked together through the old orchard. Ah! how plainly it comes back to me the dusky shadows under the trees and the sleepy birds singing their good-night songs. How plainly I can hear his boyish voice telling me his bright dreams of the future. In the early twilight we walked back through the brown meadow to the house and went into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, where the lamp was lighted, a fire burning brightly that dispelled the chill of the autumn evening and the tea kettle was singing. The meal was ready and we gathered around the table and partook of the wholesome food, snowy hop-yeast bread that had such a "hopsy" taste, brown bread of our grandmothers' days, fresh, sweet butter, and golden honey, potatoes mashed to a creamy mass, cold ham pink and tender, baked apples from the orchard, home-made cheese, golden brown pumpkin pie and delicious spice cake that only mother could make. How plainly I can see the group around the table, the merry father, the sweet-faced, gentle mother, the bright faced girls and boys. Alas! how widely scattered they are tonight. The father and mother and the tiny girl who was the pet of the family have gone to another land.

"Look where we may, the wide world o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn.
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the Conscious floor,
But love will dream, and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

Of all that group only one, the youngest of the family, remains in the old home. His children go in and out of its old doors, and their voices make music in the old rooms. His girls watch the sun set over the lake and their feet tread the path to the orchard. When the beautiful colors had faded memory brought another picture to me and I saw my mother sitting in her favorite place by the west window and I knelt by her side. Together we watched the sunset. It was truly a golden sunset, not a cloud or a bit of color, just that wonderful golden glow over earth and sky. And the sun, being low, made a path of gold across the lake. And she said: "Look, dear; it is like the streets of the Golden City." It was in the golden glow of such a sunset that she left us and went to that golden city of which she so often spoke. But I never see the sunset now but that I think of her.—Lucy Robinson, Mich.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Lover of Animals.

Dear Little Readers—I love to read the children's letters, but especially those from West Virginia, for I lived in that state for three years. My mother and my little sister were born there. Father was born in Maryland and I was born in Pennsylvania, near Meadow Gap. Father and mother moved to West Virginia when I was about a year old. So you see there are three states in our little family, and we can sing three state songs, "The West Virginia Hills," "Maryland, My Maryland," and the state song of Pennesylvania. I am the only boy in the family. We moved from West Virginia five years ago. We chartered a car and brought our goods, two horses, some chickens and a little Maltese kitten. Everyone is dead except one blue hen. I will tell you about the kitten. He grew to be a fine big cat and he always loved me more than anyone else. He would follow me all over the place, and one day I lost him in the berry patch. I had to go back in the evening and get him. He learned to climb an apple tree which grew close to the porch, and then he would come in at the window and get into my bed and sleep until morning. If he would get up first he would come to the foot of the stairs and mew as if to say good morning. When I came home from school he was always ready to get into my lap purring all the while. He did not like my little sister, but one day when she had a pretty dress on he climbed upon a chair and ran his claws over it softly as though he liked it. He finally got caught in a steel trap and one of his feet froze and came off. He began to get weaker from that time on and only lived about a year.—Charles Rex Gibson, Meadow Gap, Pa.

What Will You Be?

Hello, Blade Boys and Girls—"Sposin" you sit over, Gertrude Briggs. I want to sit by you, please. I am fourteen years old and I haven't any brothers or sisters like most of you, but I have a good time just the same. I love music, books and horses. Skating, too is great sport. I wonder what has become of Walter Dixon. I certainly pity him if he has to wash dishes and I wish he would write again. "Sposin" you boys and girls write and tell us what you want to be when you are grown up. I have always wanted to be an author and write great books. Who will second the motion by writing about these things? Now, Mr. Mrs. or Miss Editor, whichever you are "sposin" you tell us your name. I like you and hope you will print this letter I want to surprise my papa, mamma and friends and if this is welcome I will come again sometime and tell you of an entertainment we had at our school last winter. I shall sign myself what my chums call me—Cutie from W. Va.

This is a splendid suggestion, boys and girls and one that I have had in mind to say to you all for a long time. We all plan, or hope to follow some special sort of work when we grow up. Why not write and tell other boys and girls about it. I like these earnest ambitious letters. Let us have more of them.—The Editor.

POST CARD EXCHANGE

Take these names for your note-books, boys and girls.

Emma Caldwell, Box 77, R. F. D. 7, Chillicothe, O.

Ivy Dobbins, Servia, W. V.

Anna L. Lipscomb, R. F. D. 1, Box 59, Aurora, W. Va.

Ruth Growdon, Box 79, R. F. D. 7, Chillicothe, O.

Maud Rorick and Elder Conrad of Columbia City, Ind.

Elva Brown, R. R. 2, Box 54, Hillsboro, Ind.

Clara Trosser, Branchport, N. Y.

Charlotte Jones, South Charleston, W. Vt. Also Matilda Lambert of the same place.

Lillie Hichman, Palestine, W. Va.

Bernice Martin, Albany, O.

Sadie Powers, East Peacham, Vt.

Gladys West, Lux, Nebraska.

Winifred Barnes, Whigville, Ohio.

Dova and Altie Merrick of Naome, Ky., both want to join the exchange.

Hattie Waite, R. F. D. 1, Centerville, N. Y.

POEMS REQUESTED

I find that there are still many poems needing to be cleaned up on the files and so I am going to, again this week, ask you readers for a long list of poems. Please read carefully and if you have them and want to help the brothers and sisters of the page send them on to us:

Going Back to Dixie.
Jack, the Fisherman.
The Three Wishes.
Give Me the Man Who Is True to His Neighbor.
To Arms! To Arms! (An old war song).
On the Banks of a Lonely River.
I Love You, My Dear Old Wife.
When the Springtime Comes, Gentle Annie.
Only a Brakeman.
There Will Be No Blind Ones There.
The Battle of Waterloo.
A Brother Fainting at the Door.
Angels Ever Bright and Fair.
The Songs of the Washerwoman.
Little Brown Jug.
How the Weed Came to Be Used.
Three Perished in the Snow.
The Crimson Ballot.
After the Ball.
Milwaukee Fire.
Rocky Mountain Home.
Oh, Dry Those Tears.
The Model Church.

SHORT AND SWEET

"I would like to hear more of the Folsoms, for my mother was a Folsom," says Jennie Hartson, of Thompson, Ohio.

Can't we have a picture of the little sister, Olive Hammond? We would like to use it.

Postcard exchange, here is another member, Ethel Gusler, of Henry, W. Va.

L. M. lived where 24 snows fell during the winter. It was in Indiana.

Ollie Ivanhoe, of Tennessee, wants to hear more from the boys and girls from her state.

Claude Case, of Marcus, W. Va., would like to exchange postals with the boys and girls, and promises to answer every one.

POETS' CORNER

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were thronged with people
Passing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered lip to ear,
While the sweat stood on their temples
With the stress of hope and fear.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat about the state house,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Swelled in harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

Far aloft in the high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway.
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
Till his eye should catch the signal,
The expected news to tell.

See! See the dense crowd quivers
As beside the door a boy
Looks forth with hands uplifted,
His eyes alight with joy.
Hushed the people's swelling murmur
As they listen breathlessly—
"Ring!" he shouts, "ring grandpapa!
Ring! Oh, ring for liberty!"

Quickly at the welcome signal
The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.
How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom echoed
From the belfries eveywhere.

The old state house bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit is awakened
Still is living, ever young.
And we'll ne'er forget the bellman
Who, that great day in July,
Hailed the birth of independence,
Which, please, God, shall never die.

OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true,
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth polutes
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest
Nor fears misfortune's frown.
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw,
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived as all his brothers do
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

NEARER HOME

O'er the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing nigh;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight
For another day is gone.

Chorus.

Gone for aye, its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will fall;
Still 'tis sweet to know at even
We are one day nearer home.

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For the goal is one day nearer,
And the journey nearly done.

Thus we feel when o'er life's scene
Heart and sandal-sore we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the city
Of the land beyond the sky.

For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still nearer,
For we're one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the angel,
As he glides the waters over,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.

Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
I am one day nearer home.

THE LITTLE MAJOR

At his post the little major
Dropped his drum that battle day,
On the grass all stained with crimson
Through that battle night he lay,
Crying, oh, for love of Jesus
Grant me but this little boon,
Can you, friends, refuse me water,
Can you, when I die so soon.

There were none to hear or help him,
All his friends had early fled,
Save the forms outstretched around him
Of the dying and the dead
Hark! they come! he hears a footfall,
How it makes his heart rejoice!
They will help, O, they will help him,
When they hear his fainting voice.

Now the lights are flashing round him,
And he hears a loyal word,
Strangers they whose lips pronounce it,
Yet he trusts his voice is heard.
It is heard, Oh, God! forgive them,
They refuse his dying prayer,
Nothing but a wounded drummer,
So they say, and leave him there.

Now the moon that shone above him
Veiled her face as if in grief,
And the skies are sadly weeping,
Shedding tear drops of relief.
But to die, by friends forsaken,
With his last request denied,
This he felt his keenest anguish,
When at morn he gasped and died.

LOOKING THIS WAY

Over the river faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me,
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair,
Watching and waiting patiently there.

Chorus.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way,
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear one in glory, looking this way.

Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor, near to their side.

Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others coming some time,
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting below.

Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for some one, beckons "Come;"
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

Jesus, the Savior, bright morning star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar,
Hear the glad message, Why will they roam?
Jesus is calling "Sinner, come home."

THESE SIX LETTERS

From New England Women

Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Restore the Health of Ailing Women.

Boston, Mass.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from hemorrhages (sometimes lasting for weeks), and could get nothing to check them. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (tablet form) on Tuesday, and the following Saturday morning the hemorrhages stopped. I have taken them regularly ever since and am steadily gaining.

"I certainly think that every one who is troubled as I was should give your Compound Tablets a faithful trial, and they will find relief."—Mrs. George Jubry, 802 Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.

Letter from Mrs. Julia King, Phœnix, R.I.

Phœnix, R.I.—"I worked steady in the mill from the time I was 12 years old until I had been married a year, and I think that caused my bad feelings. I had soreness in my side near my left hip that went around to my back, and sometimes I would have to lie in bed for two or three days. I was not able to do my housework.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me wonderfully in every way. You may use my letter for the good of others. I am only too glad to do anything within my power to recommend your medicine."—Mrs. Julia King, Box 282, Phœnix, R.I.

Letter from Mrs. Etta Donovan, Willimantic, Conn.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk up stairs without stopping on the way. I was all run down in every way.

"I tried three doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said it was no use for me to take anything as nothing would restore me to health again. So I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and by taking seven bottles of the Compound and other treatment you advised, I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. Etta Donovan, 762 Main Street, Willimantic, Conn.

Letter from Mrs. Winfield Dana, Augusta, Me.

Augusta, Me.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of backache, headache, and the bad pain I had in my right side, and I am perfectly well."—Mrs. Winfield Dana, R.F.D. No. 2, Augusta, Me.

Letter from Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Newport, Vt.

Newport, Vt.—"I thank you for the great benefit Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I took eight bottles and it did wonders for me, as I was a nervous wreck when I began taking it. I shall always speak a good word for it to my friends."—Mrs. John A. Thompson, Box 3, Newport Center, Vermont.

Letter from Miss Grace Dodds, Bethlehem, N.H.

Bethlehem, N.H.—"By working very hard, sweeping carpets, washing, ironing, lifting heavy baskets of clothes, etc., I got all run down. I was sick in bed every month.

"This last Spring my mother got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and already I feel like another girl. I am regular and do not have the pains that I did, and do not have to go to bed. I will tell all my friends what the Compound is doing for me."—Miss Gracie B. Dodds, Box 133, Bethlehem, N.H.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

AYS WILSON IS SHY EXPERIENCE

Roosevelt Declares the Governor's Knowledge Is Impractical.

Angeles, Sept. 17.—Colonel sevelt in a speech here last night, ized Governor Wilson as "lacking perience" and playing the game of bosses. The ex-President launched ther attack upon Wilson for the ernor's elucidation in New York week of his theory of govern- ital control of corporations.

Roosevelt pitched into the New Jer- governor as reflecting a "sad lack knowledge of the functions of the rican government" in saying, as sevelt repeated it, that "the rch of liberty means limited gov- mental power."

he coming of Colonel Roosevelt was the occasion of the most vio- outburst of enthusiasm that he met within his entire western in- on. The streets were jammed a howling multitude as he was en on parade for a mile or so re speaking in the afternoon at Temple auditorium. No less than 00 people waved and yelled at him m the curbs. Windows were ked with people who cheered him rously. The whole city gave it- over to a huge Roosevelt demon- tion.

he auditorium throng of 5,000 fairly wild with cheers when sevelt stepped to the stage. The Moose cry mingled with a derous "We want Teddy." For minutes the uproar went on.

Roosevelt enunciated in his speech the afternoon crowd and later the Shrine auditorium his theory the government's province in the ation of the trusts and his doc- e on the judicial recall. Freely he ed out thrusts at Governor Wil- and President Taft.

Mr. Wilson's ideas as to the power the government, as put forth in his York speech," said the colonel, ows that he has been getting his rmation out of dry books. His ory is that of historians writing sively for the classroom. The rnor finds from his books that governmental power is lessened en the people take the power into r own hands.

Now, the fact of it is that when people rule themselves they trans- greater power to the government. e government becomes then an im- diate reflection of the will of the ple. Only in monarchies does it pen that, when the government es over the power of the people, ruling power supersedes the peo- 's will.

hat Mr. Wilson proposes as a for the evils of our industrial m is a national straitjacket. der his proposal the government's wer would be squeezed down so the porations would have no restraint ed upon them. That's exactly at the Rockefellers, the Harrimans d the other heads of the immense porations want.

"Mr. Wilson's inexperience must ve made him take that course," e colonel went on, indulgently. "If had had the experience we could t think him entirely sincere and se in giving utterance to such views. don't want to impugn either Mr. lson's sincerity or his wisdom, so must put it down to lack of experi- ce.

"I want to be courteous to Mr. lson—I want to be careful about t," protested the colonel. "In that rit I say that, if Mr. Wilson were well acquainted with conditions of dern life as I am sure he is sincere d intelligent, he would know that is taking the attitude that every at crooked corporation, every ooked boss, every great crooked wspaper controlled by the evil trust fluences, wants the government to ke."

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Sept. 17.	Close Sept. 16.
Wheat—					
Dec.	1.06⅞	....	....	1.06⅞	1.07
May	1.06⅞	....	....	1.06⅞	1.07
July	1.13½	....	1.09½	1.09⅝	1.09⅝
Dec.	1.13½	....	....	1.13⅜	1.13¾
Corn—					
Dec.	74	....	....	76½	76½
May	76⅛	....	....	76½	76½
July	53⅞	....	....	54½	54⅜
Dec.	53⅝	....	....	54⅛	54
Oats—					
Dec.	36	....	....	36	35⅝
May	36	....	....	36	35⅝
July	34½	....	....	34⅜	34⅛
Dec.	36⅝	....	....	36½	36½
Clover Seed—					
Oct.	11.10	10.42½	....	11.37½	11.30
Dec.	10.70	10.90	....	11.37½	11.20
Mch.	10.72½	10.90	....	10.82½	10.80
Rye—					
Dec.	....	....	....	10.85	10.80
Alsike—					
Dec.	....	....	....	70	70
Red—					
Dec.	....	....	....	12.00	12.00
Mch.	....	....	....	12.00	12.00
Timothy—					
Dec.	....	....	....	12.30	12.30
Alsike—					
Dec.	....	....	....	2.17	2.15
Mch.	....	....	....	2.10	2.10
May	....	....	....	2.10	2.07½
Mch.	....	....	....	2.20	2.20

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	92	92⅝	91¾	92	92¼
May	90¾	90⅞	90⅝	90⅞	90⅝
July	90⅝	95½	95	95½	95⅜
Corn—					
Dec.	68	....	67½	69	67⅞
May	72	....	51⅝	52¼	52
July	51¾	....	51½	52	52
Oats—					
Dec.	32¼	....	32	32⅜	32⅛
May	32½	....	31⅞	32⅛	32
July	34⅜	....	34¼	34½	34¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	91	....	90⅜	91	91
May	91½	....	91¼	91½	91⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	86¼	86⅜
May	....	....	....	88¾	88⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	87⅛	87⅝
May	....	....	....	88¼	88¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct.	16.90	16.92	16.85	16.90	17.10
Jan.	17.00	....	....	16.92	17.10
Lard—	18.25	....	18.10	18.12	18.37
Oct.	10.90	....	10.77	10.77	10.95
Jan.	10.95	....	10.65	10.82	11.00
Ribs—	10.50	....	10.37	10.42	10.50
Oct.	10.50	....	....	10.52	9.52
Jan.	10.50	....	10.45	10.47	10.57
May	9.85	....	....	9.77	9.87

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 30c; solid pack, 29½@30c.

Creamery Butter—Per 20 lb. tubs, 24c; rolls and prints, 25c; dairy, prime, 23c; packing stock, 20c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16@17c; New York twins, 17c; brick, 17c; limburger, 17@18c; Swiss, 22@23c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 23c; extra fancy, 27c; ordinary receipts, 24c.

Live Poultry—Hogs—Light, 11½@12c; heavy and fat, 9@9½c; calves, 14@14½c.

Dressed Chickens, live, 14½c; broilers, 16@17½c.

Dressed Spring lambs, 10@11c; sheep, 5@7c; spring ducks, 17c.

Dressed Beef—Good, 14@15c; light, 8c and up; cow beef, 7@9c.

Veal Calves—7@10c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—Butter, steady; creamery, 24@28c; dairies, 22½@24½c. Eggs, steady; receipts 7230 cases; at mark, cases included 17½@18½c; ordinary firsts, 19½c; firsts, 21½c. Cheese, steady; Daisies, 15¼@15½c; Twins, 14¾@15c; Young Americas, 15½@15¾c; Long Horns, 15¼@15½c. Poultry, alive, firm; turkeys, 14c; chickens, heavy, 14½c; light, 12½c; springs, 15c. Veal, steady; 9@14c.

Potatoes, steady; Michigan, 45@48c; Minnesota, 40@45c; Wisconsin, 40@48c.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 17.—Hog receipts were fair and the market 10c to 20c lower owing to heavy receipts at all live markets and slow demand. Quality was fair. Close steady. Sheep and lambs were cut 25c.

Hogs—Selected heavy, $8.60@8.70; good mediums, $8.70@8.75; heavy yorkers, $8.70@8.80; light yorkers, $8.50@8.60; good mixed, $8.70@8.75; bulk of sales, $8.70@8.75; good pigs, $7.90@8.00; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.50.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $8.00@8.25; god to choice, $8.00@8.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $7.50@8.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.50@6.50; common to light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.50@6.00; fair to good cows, $4.25@4.50; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.75; prime export bulls $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.50@5.00; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice to fat heifers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@4.00; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Veal Calves—Choice to extra, $11.00@11.25; fair to good, $10.00@11.00; common to light, $8.00@9.50; heavy and fed, $6.00@7.00.

Sheep and Lambs.—Prime wethers, $3.00@2.00; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.25@3.25; culls and common, $1.75@2.25; yearlings, $4.25@6.85; lambs, $7.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,500; market dull and weak; beeves, $5.75@10.75; Texas steers, $4.35@6.25; western steers, $5.70@9.15; stockers and feeders, $4.20@7.15; cows and heifers, $2.90@7.85; calves, $7.75@10.75. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; market slow, 5@10c lower; light, $8.15@8.75; mixed, $7.95@8.75; heavy, $7.75@8.00; rough, $7.75@8.00; pigs, $5.00@8.00; bulk of sales, $8.20@8.60. Sheep—Receipts, 26,000; market steady; native, $3.50@4.60; western, $3.60@4.60; yearlings, $4.70@5.95; lambs, native, $4.85@7.65; western, $5.00@7.65.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 300; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,500; lambs, 10@15c lower; sheep, steady; choice spring lambs, $7.00@7.15; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common, $4.00@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 1,200; market 25c lower; extreme heavies, $8.50; mediums, $8.50; Yorkers, $8.75; light Yorkers, $8.75; pigs, $8.00; roughs, $7.60; stags, $6.75

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 17.—Cattle—None. Hogs—Receipts, 1,000; heavies, $8.20; heavy Yorkers, $8.85; light Yorkers, $8.50; pigs, $7.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; top sheep, $4.65; top lambs, $7.35. Calves—Receipts, 200; top, $11.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 400; steady. Veals—Receipts, 6,400; slow; heavy and mixed, $8.75@8.85; Yorkers, $8.25@8.85; pigs, $8.15@8.30; roughs, $7.25@7.40; stags, $5.00@6.50; dairies, $8.50@8.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; slow; sheep steady; lambs, $4.50@7.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 17.—(Wall street.) Prices moved upward at the opening of today's stock market, Canadian Pacific being the feature with a gain of over a point. Other strong issues included Reading, the Harriman and Hill issues, Chino Copper and Steel.

Today's stock market lost none of its recent professional tone. Trading was again in moderate volume with a firm undertone, and gains of a point or better by Reading, Canadian Pacific and Atlantic Coast Line. Industrials lagged by contrast, although steel, coppers and the can issues sold above yesterday's final figures, with a new high record for Can preferred, selling ex-dividend. Westinghouse declined sharply on reports that action on the proposed increased dividend might be deferred. Call money opened at 5 per cent, yesterday's rate, with the demand somewhat limited. Bonds were steady.

Further improvement was noted in the first hour although trading assumed its habitual dullness. The features included the Pittsburg Coal and American Can issues.

Cotton.

New York, Sept. 17.—Cotton futures opened firm; September, 11.23c; October, 11.30c; December, 11.54c; January, 11.48c; March, 11.53c; May, 11.72c; July, 11.70c.

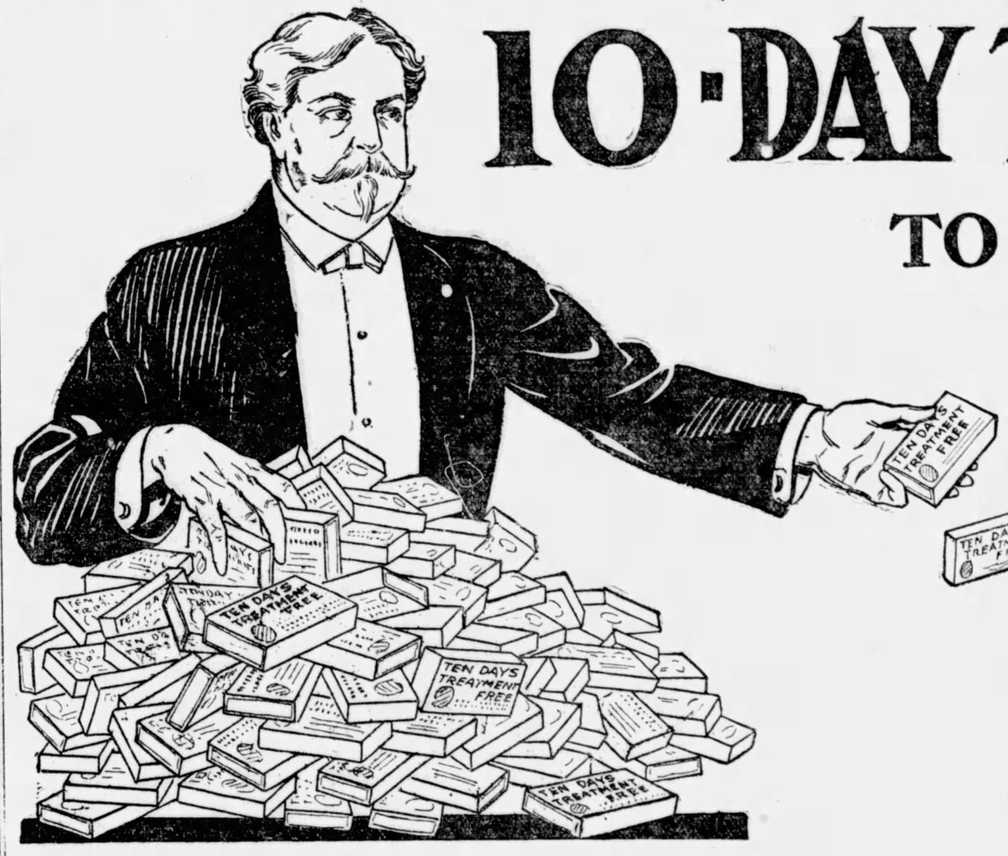
The cotton market opened firm at an advance of 8 to 10 points and sold 16 to 20 points net higher during the first few minutes on active covering by yesterday's sellers who were evidently influenced by firmer cables than expected and reports of a big trade demand in Liverpool. A private condition report indicating a deterioration of about 6 per cent for the first half of September also contributed to the advance, but the market met heavy realizing and during the middle of the morning was nervous and unsettled with prices 5 or 6 points off from the best.

Reports that a southern financial institution estimated the crop at 14,790,000 bales exclusive of linters and rumors that southern houses selling was more active, tended to upset the market late in the morning and prices eased off 9 or 10 points from the best. The market at midday was nervous and about 11 to 12 points net higher. Spot quiet middling uplands, 11.75c nominal. Estimated receipts at all the ports today 37,000 bales, against 50,577 last week and 63,976 last year. For the week 225,000, against 194,705 last week and 382,987 last year. Today's receipts at Galveston 28,734, against 32,402 last year, at New Orleans 1,050, against 3,363 last year and at Houston 24,744, against 27,002 last year.

Butter is high priced, but it is better then the kind one used to get in the cheap days, when much of it was full of buttermilk. It was Bill Nye who complained that the people of North Carolina worked their cows too much and the butter not enough.

I WANT TO GIVE AWAY THOUSANDS OF 10-DAY TREATMENTS FREE

TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERINGS OF HUMANITY



DR. ABBOTT

I want every man or woman reader of this paper who suffers to write me and get this wonderful TEN-DAY TREATMENT of mine FREE.

It is not an experimental distribution of medicine, such as has been made before, that I am offering you. It is not a **sample of medicine** or a **proof or trial**, but a **bona-fide ten-day treatment** that **has cured** a great many people and should cure you. **And it is absolutely free to you.** There is no money to pay. I even pay postage and all charges. **I just want to relieve thousands of sufferers** in return for the success that my thirty-two years of labor in the medical profession have brought me.

If you have **rheumatism, backache, kidney or bladder troubles, chronic catarrh,** or any of the other uric-acid complaints, such as often are **female weakness** and so-called **male nervous debility,** write to me, filling out the little coupon herewith attached and I will send you **at once a full Ten-Day Treatment,** as thousands of earnest testimonials I have in my possession will prove to you.

My Ten Day Treatment Positively Cures BACKACHE FREE

Are you racked with pain?

Do you suffer so that your daily work is a torture instead of being a pleasure?

Have you lost ambition, zest, enterprise, the desire to better yourself because of pains, aches, dullness?

Has rheumatism set its clutches on your muscles and palsied your limbs so that life is hardly worth living, your days a horror and your nights a terror?

I can relieve your sufferings and I want to do it now. Write to me. Fill out the coupon and mail it to me. That is all you need to do. **I will do the rest and it will cost you absolutely nothing.**

No man tortured with uric acid complaints is fit for the battle of life. He cannot bring his brain nor his hands to work properly when his body is racked with pain. No woman can care for her home, bring up her children right or work if she is cross, miserable, distracted by suffering. The struggle is too keen, competition too merciless, the fight for success too strenuous to be handicapped by physical ills. To the man or woman who suffers I want to bring relief, comfort, happiness, success. Fill out the coupon attached here and mail to me: **Don't wait until tomorrow,** tomorrow never comes, **do it at once.** With my Ten-Day Treatment, I will also send my book on Uric Acid Diseases. It is a pamphlet full of the results of an experience of thirty-two years, during which I have specialized in uric acid complaints. It contains also a few of the tens of thousands of testimonial letters from preachers, lawyers, men and women of affairs the country over who have not hesitated to say just how much I have benefitted them.

DR. G. B. ABBOTT

P. S. Perhaps you have a friend who is a sufferer. Don't hesitate to have him or her fill out this coupon or write me a letter, or you do it for your friend. They will call you blessed.

DON'T SEND ME ANY MONEY

not even postage---I will pay all expenses. But if you value happiness, success, a healthy mind in a healthy body, don't waste any time but fill out this coupon and mail it to me. Remember it is FREE. You will owe me nothing now nor later.

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Have you pain in the back?.....Have you Rheumatism?.....

Kidney Trouble?.....Do You Get Up Nights to Urinate?.....

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SUPREME COURT FACES BIG TASKS

Twenty-one Cases of Unusual Consequence Ready for Opening Day, Oct. 14

Washington, Sept. 16.—The supreme court will begin its fall term with the consideration of many important cases. Already 21 cases of unusual consequence have been set for hearing October 14, the opening day. To this list probably will be added the Kansas election case, which involves the right of Roosevelt electors to remain on the Republican ticket in Kansas.

The business world is said to be particularly interested in the second argument of the cotton corner case and the Inter Mountain rate cases, both assigned for reargument early in the term.

The cotton corner case arises over the validity of indictments against James Patten and others, on a charge of conspiring to corner the cotton market on the New York Cotton Exchange in 1910, with a $10,000,000 profit in view. The court must decide whether "running a corner" is prohibited by the Sherman anti-trust law.

The Inter-Mountain rate cases involve the validity of orders of the interstate commerce commission, limiting the amount by which rates from eastern cities to intermountain cities, such as Spokane, may exceed rates on the longer haul to Pacific coast cities.

The Bath Tub trust suit will call for a determination of the relation of the Sherman anti-trust law to the patent statutes. The government seeks to dissolve an alleged illegal combination of enamelled ironware manufacturers. The principal question is whether the owner of a patent on a tool used in the manufacture of an unpatented article such as a bath tub may, by a process of licensing all manufacturers to use the patented tool, fix the prices and terms under which the bath tub may be sold wholesale and retail, regardless of the Sherman law.

FIRST AVIATOR WAR PRISONER

Turks Capture Italian Flyer When Dead Motor Causes Descent.

Tripoli, Sept. 12.—The Turks, who on several occasions have tried vainly to smuggle into Tripoli an aeroplane for scouting purposes, are at last in possession of a machine through a mishap to Captain Moizo, of the Italian army. Captain Moizo was making a flight from Zouara to Tripoli when the motor of his machine stopped and he was obliged to descend in a hostile country. He was made a prisoner.

TO ELECTROCUTE TWO ALLENS

Court Sentences Floyd and Claude to Chair.

By the Associated Press.

Wytheville, Va., Sept. 12.—Floyd Allen and his nephew, Claude, two leaders of the gang that shot up the Hillsville courthouse, were brought into court here yesterday and sentenced to be electrocuted on November 22.

MULTITUDE IN SILENCE

Japs Sorrowful at Mikado's Funeral.

Tokio, Sept. 13.—The second part of the ceremonies in connection with the funeral of the late emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, took place tonight when the casket containing the body of the late ruler started on its journey to Aoyama, whence it will be taken to Monoyama for final burial.

Imposing as had been the ceremonial attended by the great dignitaries in the palace earlier in the day when the funeral service, serving to emphasize the contrast between the ancient Shinto rites and the 20th century militarism was conducted, the passage of the funeral car through the streets of the capital tonight was even more impressive.

It afforded the populace of the capital an opportunity to display sorrow at the nation's bereavement and hundreds of thousands stood for hours in absolute silence along the route as the coffin passed on the first stage of its journey toward its last resting place.

ALASKAN CLAIMS DISALLOWED

Secretary Fisher Reverses Ballinger in Cunningham Cases.

By the Associated Press.

Washington, Sept. 13.—All 33 so-called Cunningham Alsaka coal lands claims, involving alleged fraudulent blanket patents, which contributed to the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, have been disposed of finally by the interior department.

The appeals have been adversely decided and Secretary Fisher has directed the immediate execution of the decision of Commissioner Dennett of the general land office, who held the claims were improperly allowed and that the entries should be cancelled.

With the controversy over the claims came the dismissal from public service of former Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, Louis R. Glavis, a chief of the field division of the land office and several minor officials.

THE CUSTOM OF HARI-KARI

General Nogi was a follower of the Shinto belief, which holds that it is just and holy to die in memory of a friend.

This form of suicide is known in Japan as Hari-Kari. It has long been practiced by Orientals in order to escape disgrace for defeat in war or family affairs. High officials are frequently permitted to practice it to escape execution by a headsman. It generally consists of disembowelment.

The act is performed in the presence of witnesses and is accompanied by elaborate formalities. At the moment the suicide rips open his abdomen with his dirk, his head is struck off by the sword of his second, who is usually a kinsman or an intimate friend. The custom dates back to the fourteenth century.

Great Soldier Slays Himself

General Nogi was the last of the old fendal lords of the Samurai to rule the army of Japan. Hereafter leadership in the army and navy will depend solely upon ability instead of birth.

SPECIAL TARIFF SESSION IF GOV. WILSON IS ELECTED

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, Sept. 14.—The industrial interests of the country will probably be somewhat interested to know that it is already the plan of the Democratic candidate for President, Governor Woodrow Wilson, in case he is elected President, to call congress in extra session immediately after March 4 next to revise the tariff. The plan has been discussed with the Democratic leaders, and if Governor Wilson is elected congress will be called in extraordinary session not later than April 1.

The first step in the direction of tariff revision will be to try to pass the separate tariff bills prepared and passed by the Democratic house at the last two sessions. These are measures revising, respectively, the wool schadule, the cotton schedule, metals, chemicals, sugar and, in addition, the so-called excise tax bill. This will probably not be the end of tariff revision, but it is all that is comprehended in the plan of the extraordinary session.

Governor Wilson is understood to be favorable to revising the tariff schedule by schedule, and he is also a firm believer in revision based on the reports of experts as to the cost of production or what is known as scientific revision. He is not necessarily committe dto a tariff commission which his party followers in congress condemn.

The Democrats admit that they have no plans for attempting a revision of the tariff at the short session of congress which begins in December. The Archbold impeachment case and the legislation attending the passage of the general supply bills and other necessary routine legislation will be sufficient to occupy all the time of the short session, which will last only about two months.

The harbor of Port Jackson at Sydney, New South Wales, with a water frontage of 200 miles, is said to be the finest harbor in the world.

A Massachusets woman has invented an individual street car strap for the use of persons who do not care to touch the straps usually provided in cars.

JAP WARRIOR AND WIFE DIE FOR MIKADO

General Nogi and Countess Commit Suicide That Soul of Emperor May Have Company.

Tokio, Sept. 14.—The dramatic death of General Count Maresuke Nogi, the soldier-hero of Japan, and that of his wife, the Countess Nogi, who yesterday coincidentally with the departure from the capital of the body of the late Emperor Mutsuhito for its final resting place at Monoyama, committed suicide, the general by gashing his throat with a sword and the countess by hara-kari, is regarded by the great soldiers of Japan and by the general's other countrymen as a magnificent act of patriotic duty.

But the nation being in the deepest mourning and the new emperor being forced into seclusion by the death of his father, it is impossible to confer the usual posthumos honors, and consequently General Nogi officially is not dead.

The count on Thursday morning, prior to attending the funeral services of the late emperor at the palace, summoned a photographer to his home in Akasaki, a suburb of Tokio, and in the garden of his residence posed with his wife while their picture was being taken.

Would Join Emperor.

General Nogi killed himself that the soul of the dead emperor might not travel its way alone. With the sword of his father, a Samurai chief, he ended his life. Then the Countess Nogi, as if inspired, her head high and proud, a smile on her lips, took a sword from under her mourning robe and plunged it into her body. Both died without uttering a word or cry.

Nogi was the hero of Port Arthur—the hero of all the war with Russia. He stood next to the mikado in military power, and was ranked as supreme military councillor of the empire.

A Dramatic Death.

The death by their own hands of the famous general and his wife was as dramatic as it was sad. The general cut his throat with a sword and the countess committed hari-kari.

Following the Samurai custom, the couple had carefully prepared their plans for killing themselves and timed them so that they would be coincident with the departure forever from Tokio of the dead emperor.

General Nogi and the countess had attended the funeral services of Mutsuhito at the palace and it was expected that they would proceed to Aoyama at night with the cortege. Instead, however, at the conclusion of the ceremony at the palace, they withdrew to their modest home in Akasaka, a suburb of Tokio, and there began their final preparations for death.

Writes to Emperor.

First the general wrote a letter to his new emperor Yoshihito, which later was found beside his body. Then he draped in mourning a portrait on the wall of the late emperor and afterwards he and his wife dressed themselves in full Japanese costume and drank a farewell cup of sake from cups which had been presented to the general by Mutsuhito.

Darkness had fallen and General Nogi and the countess sat and awaited the signal they had agreed upon to announce their leave-taking. This was the booming of a single gun in the palace grounds at Tokio which was to let the people know that the body of the emperor was starting on the funeral car for its last resting place.

Unusual Stoicism.

As the boom of the gun resounded through the clear, still night, General Nogi arose and grasping in his hand a short sword, plunged it into his throat, while the countess stabbed herself through the body. A student who resided in the Nogi home heard the fall of the bodies and rushed into the room. Lying upon the floor were the hero of Port Arthur and his wife. Both still were breathing, but their spasmodic gasps showed plainly that death was near. The student hurried for aid, but when he returned with it both the general and the countess were dead.

The tragedy created a profound sensation and expressions of sorrow were heard on every hand. Especially grief-stricken was Prince Arthur of Connaught, the special envoy to the funeral of Mutsuhito of Great Britain. Prince Arthur was to have gone with General Nogi to the former capital of the Shogunate, Kamakura.

ARMY STATION FOR EL PASO

Washington, Sept. 14.—Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, today ordered a general army supply post established at El Paso, Texas.

Conditions in Mexico are reported to the war department as chaotic. Starvation during the coming winter threatens to add to the suffering. The rural population has been unable to plant or cultivate crops.

General Wood's action is taken to indicate that officials here believe the revolution will be protracted.

The English Lord Chancellor.

Toronto Mail and Empire.

The lord chancellorship too which Lord Haldane has been appointed, is one of the most stately and magnificent offices of the civilized world, and the occupant is dressed on all public occasions in keeping with its grandeur. When performing his ordinary duties in the house of lords the chancellor wears a black silk gown, with a train, over a black cloth court suit, and a full buttoned wig. His state robe is of black damask, ponderously weighted with gold lace—he can hardly move about at all without assistance. When he speaks in the house of lords he steps a few feet away from the woolsack, and the spectators have him in a merciless full length view.

TO INTERVENE IN SANTO DOMINGO

United States Will Act to Protect Foreign Lives and Property.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The United States is about to intervene in Santo Domingo for the protection of foreign lives and property.

A fresh revolution, believed to be in part a renewal of the recent one thought to have been squelched, is threatening American and other interests. The gunboat Wheeling at Guantanamo; the gunboat Tacoma at Bluefields, Nicaragua, and the protected cruiser Des Moines at Key West, each carrying a complement of marines and a full crew of blue jackets, are the most available forces for the work. None is more than three days away from the island. The gunboat Petrel is already in Santo Domingan waters.

Protect Custom Houses.

The customs houses of the island controlled by the United States by treaty must be protected against seizure by the revolutionists. Further than that, advices this morning conveyed news of so serious a nature that the state department began preparations for immediate activity.

The latest outbreak is believed to be promoted by the prime movers in the recent insurrection, which culminated in the battle of Dajabon, August 4-6, when that place was taken by the revolutionists.

Latest reports to the state department indicate that notwithstanding reassuring promises from the Dominican government, that revolution never has been completely suppressed, but has smoldered only to break out afresh and with greater intensity.

Fomented in New York.

Officials here believe the movement has been fomented by a junta in New York. General Horatio Vasquez, a prominent member of the cabinet of President Caceres, who was assassinated last November, and a candidate for the presidency, when General Euladio Victoria was elected, is interested in it. When Victoria assumed the presidential chair, Vasquez fled to Haiti and aftreward was reported in New York.

TAKE HAYWOOD FOR CONSPIRACY

Boston Police Arrest Industrial Workers' Leader on Warrant From Lawrence

Boston, Sept. 16.—William D. Haywood, of Denver, general organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World, was arrested here on a capias warrant issued as the result of an indictment by the Essex county grand jury charging him with conspiracy in connection with the strike of textile workers in Lawrence last winter. He was released on $1,000 bond.

The exact nature of the conspiracy with which Haywood is charged was not mentioned in the indictment.

Just before his arrest Haywood addressed a mass meeting of 15,000 persons on Boston Common, and sounded a call for a general strike of New England workers to begin a nation-wide movement as a protest against the "arrest, imprisonment and trial of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso."

These three Industrial Workers who were active during the Lawrence strike, are charged with complicity to murder in connection with the shooting of a striker, Anna Lopizzo, during a riot in Lawrence last January.

Haywood declared that such a strike as a movement of general protest would "save lives, just as did that great movement of sympathy and support which resulted in the vindication of Moyer, Pettibone and myself."

SULLIVAN IS FOR ROOSEVELT

Ex-Champion Prize Fighter Wants to Speak for Progressive.

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 16.—John L. Sullivan, former world's champion heavyweight prize fighter, has notified Matthew Hale, leader of the Progressive movement in Massachusetts, that he desires to stump the state for the ticket.

"I am very anxious to do what I can to further the success of ex-President Roosevelt and the Progressive party," writes John L.

NICARAGUAN FIGHT IS MILD

State Department Hears American Citizen Started It.

Washington, Sept. 17.—The reported attack upon American sailors from the gunboat Tacoma, on the streets of Bluefield, Nicaragua, during a supposed anti-American demonstration Sunday, was discounted today by a dispatch to the state department from the consul there.

He reported that the aggressor was a naturalized citizen of the United States who had been drinking, and that no political significance could be attached to the incident.

The sailors upon whom he fired were uninjured and the little disorder that ensued after the shooting was quickly suppressed.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

500 MEN 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

ABLE-BODIED MEN WANTED for the U. S. Marine Corps, between the ages of 19 and 35. Must be native born or have first papers. Monthly pay $15 to $60. Additional compensation possible. Food, clothing, quarters and medical attendance free. After 30 years service can retire with 75 per cent of pay and allowances. Service on board ship and ashore in all parts of the world. Apply at U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Office, corner Superior and Adams Streets, or 701 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

BE AN EXPERT Detective and Investigator. Many waiting positions at big pay. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. B 39, Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES make supporters; $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wis.

LADIES—Add to your income. Easy and legitimate proposition. Write immediately for particulars. Alnore Manufacturing Co., 6419 Woodstock St., Philadelphia, Penna.

MAKE a Comfortable Living at Home Sewing plain seams. All home work. No canvassing. Any ordinary machine. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town, small town especially. No trifflers needed. State how much time can sew. Send ten cents for postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, Dept. O, Rehoboth, Delaware.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women for government positions; $80 month; annual vacations; short hours; no "layoffs;" common education sufficient; over 12,000 appointments coming; influence unnecessary; farmers eligible. Send postal immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 32, Rochester, N. Y.

RELIABLE men—women sell forkola by leaving with each family on trial. Every trial means sale. Profit $2 to $3 daily. Credit given. The Bacorn Co., Elmira, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

One Cent a Minute. You can earn in spare time selling JOY GLIDERS for chairs, new invention. A child can put them on in one minute. Won't scratch floors. No experience or capital required. Boys, girls, men or women write. Evergrip Caster Co., 20 N. Warren St., N. Y.

$2.50 PER DAY paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 443 X Dearborn Street, Chicago.

AGENTS—Make big money selling fall leader. Quick sales; send for free sample and catalog. Just out. JOHN H. FORBES, 3368 Ridgeway st., Pittsburg, Pa.

SUBURBAN LOTS.

Suburban lots $25.00—$1.00 monthly. Houston, Texas, is having the most wonderful growth of any city in the U. S. Population increased from 45,000 to 110,000 in seven years; $1,000,000.00 spent on new buildings in past two years; 300 factories. Government spending $2,500,000.00 on ship channel, making city a seaport. We have just opened for sale the townsite of Satsuma, suburb of Houston, 35 minutes from heart of city, on railroad and boulevard. Lots 50 x 100 feet. First 200 lots only $25 each. Terms $1 cash and $1 monthly. Write for particulars or send $1 and get choice location. C. W. Hiahl & Co., 179 Commercial Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Patent investors best opportunity: Photographic Printing device, just patented; saves money, time and labor. Address 19 Charles St., Ilion, N. Y.

FARMS

THE WALLA WALLA VALLEY has never experienced a cyclone, tornado, hurricane or blizzard, crop failures are unknown, abundant opportunities for successful investments. Write for information regarding fruit growing, truck gardening, dairying and poultry raising. Ask for beautiful free illustrated booklet K. Commercial Club, Walla Walla, Wash.

Investigate the fertile northwest United States. Excellent land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, adjacent to Northern Pacific Ry.—obtainable at reasonable prices. These lands under the "Stars and Stripes" are in the best developed sections of the Northwest and are as productive as any on the continent. See what YOUR OWN COUNTRY has to offer; stay near home markets; quick transportation; close to good neighbors and good schools; no isolated pioneering. Free U. S. government homestead land requires only 3 years to prove up; state land on easy terms; deeded land at low prices and on easy payment plan. Climate fine for man, beast and crops. Big money in vegetables, grains, alfalfa, fruits, cattle, dairying, poultry, hogs. Write quick for free illustrated literature, stating what state most interests you and list of reliable land dealers. Ask about low rate Homeseekers excursions. L. J. Bricker, General Immigration Agent, 104 Northern Pacific Bldg., Saint Paul, Minn.

FARMS WANTED

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers; don't pay commissions; write describing property, naming lowest price; we help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Ass'n., 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

BEAUTIFUL improved Ohio farms in "Western Reserve." Write for free catalog. Williams' Farm Agency, Spokane, Ohio.

FREE FARMS—500,000 acres government land in Arkansas for homesteading; where located and how secured shown in our 1912 booklet; sent postpaid for 25c. H. D. Glass, Dept. B, Harrison, Ark.

FARMS, sixty acres and upwards, good water, high altitude, fine for live stock, fruit, oats, corn, maize, cotton, potatoes; titles guaranteed, very easy terms. Box 1, Johnsons, Owner, San Angelo, Texas.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 Page Periodical. Up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure and profit; four months for 10c. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 9, Syracuse, N. Y.

MEDICAL.

Appendicitis and gallstones cured in two days with harmless lotion remedy sent postpaid on receipt of $2. J. Hanna Co., Scott, Ohio.

PIGEONS

PIGEONS! PIGEONS! All Breeds. Thousands. Start with $$$$$ making Jumbo squab breeding pigeons. Large, free, instructive illustrated matter. Prov. Squab Co., Providence, R. I.

PERSONAL.

LADIES, our new "Rubber Protector" is the best; safe, secure; mailed $1; particulars 2c postage. Leipsic Medicine Co., 621 Avenida ave., Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

COME all ye lonely bachelor-maids and men, join our friendship circle, send stamp for particulars. Friendship Circle, Oneida, N. Y.

LOVINE—A charming preparation for lover, wife, husband, anybody, 10c; 2 packages sealed, 20c. Union, Dept. 24, Palatine, Ill.

SEES CAUSE FOR OPTIMISM

Clews Says Feeling Is Due to Great Crop Outlook.

New York, Sept. 16.—Any calm, comprehensive view of important conditions whose influence promises to be exerted on the market for securities can hardly fail to contribute a feeling of dstinct optimism, says Henry L. Clews. General business throughout the country is already responding in a significant manner to the many-sided benefits that can confidently be expected to spring from a year of such bountiful crops that are now so clearly in prospect.

Our railroads have in sight a greater volume of business than their equipment can readily handle; there will not alone be the large movement of agricultural products to market, but there will be the increase in the export demand which in turn means a greater haul to the seaboard. Beyond this we must not forget the active return movement of merchandise, representing purchases by the agricultural districts of the products of our mills—a condition that invariably follows a season of bountiful harvests at high prives.

The increasing activity in industrial pursuits is emphasized by the reports that are so general in all sections of the country of the scarcity of labor. Furthermore, the monthly report of unfilled tonnage on the books of the Steel Corporation affords active confirmation in the same direction. This report indicates that the orders for the month of August were 206,000 tons in excess of the deliveries during the month, while, as is well known, the mills have been working at virtually full normal capacity to meet urgent demands for early deliveries. What is of still greater importance is that the remarkable activity represents a demand at prices for products that are profitable to the mills. There is excellent reason to believe that the contracts which were taken late in 1911 and during the early months of 1912 by the Steel Corporation at such low prices, for the purpose of stimulating business in times of uncertainty, have now, speaking broadly, been completely filled and that net earnings of the Steel Corporation to be presented for the current quarter will, when published, show a substantial improvement over the two quarterly statements that have thus far appeared this year. The production for the month of August showed an increase of 8,467,392 pounds, but this was more than counteracted by an expansion in the exports and an increase in the domestic deliveries sufficient to cause a net decline of 5,500,000 pounds in the stocks on hand. The textile industry, which is another of the great business barometers, is also proceeding on satisfactory lines, all departments, in fact, showing progressive improvement over last year. Railroad earnings for the month of August, gross revenue, have averaged something more than 8 per cent over the corresponding weeks of last year, which follow an average increase of 9 per cent shown by all roads reporting for the month of July. For the month of August the bank clearings of the country outside of New York were 10 per cent in excess of the corresponding month in 1911, though New York's increase was less than 2 per cent, which reflects, of course, the dullness in the speculative markets.

The barking of a dog is the last sound which the balloonist hears from the earth, and under favorable circumstances this noise has been heard at an elevation of about four miles.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. Write for free booklet X-1032 tells how. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

STANDARD IS NOT DISSOLVED

Oil Corporation Still Exists, Own Lawyer Says.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—"The Standard Oil company has not been dissolved. The federal government cannot dissolve the corporation because a dissolution must come from the state which gave it its charter," said Levy Mayer, counsel for the Standard Oil company and the Corn Products Refining company, today.

The statement was made in arguments in the suit of George F. Harding before Federal Judge Ferdinand A. Geiger. Attorney Mayer explained that while the properties of the Standard have been dissolved in accordance with the decree of the United States supreme court, technically there has not been and could not be a dissolution of the corporation itself.

Low Fares

TO THE

Land of Fortune

Northwest

Northern Pacific Ry

One-Way Fall Colonist Tickets on sale daily Sept. 25 to October 10. Western Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia.

Round-Trip Homeseekers Tickets to Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia on sale 1st and 3d Tuesdays each month.

Daily through trains from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Kansas City, St Paul, Minneapolis. Direct connections from Duluth-Superior.

Ask for free literature about the Northwest Land of Fortune and full particulars.

M. J. COSTELLO, District Pass. Agt., 40 E. Fourth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Overland 1913

$985

Model "69 T" Completely Equipped

Self Starter, Remy Magneto; 110-inch Wheel Base, Clear Vision Wind; Warner Speedometer, 5-Passenger Touring Car; Mohair Top and Boot, Center Control; 30 Horsepower, Prestolite Tank; Timken Bearings, Shield

In 24 Hours the Demand for This Car Was Greater Than Our Annual Supply

AND yet we are shipping better than 150 cars a day. Think of it! Nearly 1,000 cars a week, and still the public refused to be satisfied. We could ship 500 cars a day and at that we could not wipe out our immediate orders. But 150 a day is the very best we can do just now. That is our present production limit. Later on when our new factories are swung into working operation we can improve this condition; for this season we will make 40,000 Overlands, which nearly doubles our production of the season that just closed.

We announced this car to the general public the latter part of last month. The instantaneous effect took our breath away. Inside of twenty-four hours we heard from practically every corner of the globe. It seemed to jar the entire automobile universe. Cables from abroad were almost as thick as American telegrams. Distributors, dealers and the appreciative motor buying public alike, telephoned, wired, wrote and traveled from every direction. Our headquarters in Toledo were swamped with requests, demands and threats. Everybody wanted a Model 69 at the same time. Nothing could curb the demand. We simply had to close our doors and cars to the riot and allot the cars as best we could.

This car took the country by storm. The very fact that a car of this size and power, a car of this magnificence, strength and comfort, a car so fully equipped with the very best of everything, could be had for $985 was beyond all belief.

Everyone said, "Why that car is identical with lots of $1,200 and $1,500 cars I have seen." And so it is.

The self-starter, big wheel base, powerful motor, rugged rear system, the unusually large brenks, the beautiful finish, rich upholstery, and the complete equipment, which includes practically everything made for an automobile, are specifications that square up with cars that cost twenty and thirty per cent more money. These specifications are all $1,200 specifications.

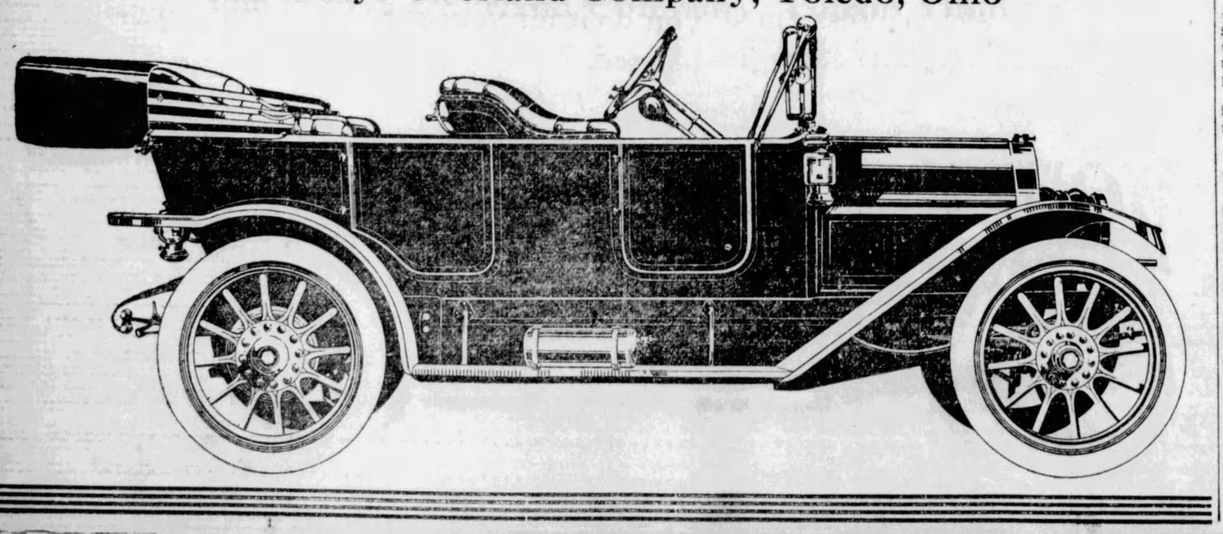
Then there is the cold rolled pressed steel frame, the selective transmission—three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings; the well known Remy magneto; the I section drop forged front axle which is forged in one heat and is fitted with the famous Timken bearings; the three-quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings. This car is finished in that superb Overland blue with gray wheels, trimmed in black and nickel plate, making a most striking and stylish car of rich design. You cannot duplicate this car from any other maker for less than $1,200 and some want $1,500.

We have but one suggestion to make. Get your "69" order in early. Don't delay, put off or stall. Just get busy. If you want to enjoy your automobile this fall you will have to step pretty lively. "First come first served," is an old expression, but it fits. The demand right now is treble the supply. We never in the wide world will be able to catch up with the orders, so if you want one of these world's record cars, act quick.

Get in touch with our dealer in your locality. If you cannot find him, wire us. There are over 2,000 of them delivering these cars right and left just as fast as we can ship them. Don't get left.

Write us for a catalogue describing this model—the car that broke all preceding automobile values. Please ask for Book XX 39.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



FREE SUIT

This well-known company makes this startling announcement: To advertise our high class made-to-order clothes, we will make you a fine suit to your measure and give you a chance to get it without one cent of cash. Act quick—before someone in your locality gets ahead of you. This suit will be the best you ever wore. Show it to your friends—tell them casually who made it.

We Mean Exactly What We Say

Be wide awake to this big smashing opportunity and send in your name at once. This wonderful offer is absolutely on the square. We are a well and favorably known Chicago firm whose word is as good as a bond. If you don't know our reputation for honesty and square dealings, ask National Bank of Republic, Chicago.

We Send 70 Samples To Pick From

—also style charts, measurement blank, tape, etc., without any obligation on your part—just as soon as we get your letter—and we prepay everything. Remember, the time of this offer is limited—we'd use a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Men who have the keenness to find this small advertisement, to read it and to answer it are just the type of men we favor. So send on your name and address to us at once—NOW.

SPENCER, MEAD CO., Dept. 228 Chicago

P. S.—We desire a few more live hustlers to earn $3 to $10 a day managing some of our agencies, open soon.

Rubber Roofing

Warranted For Twenty-Five Years.

FREIGHT PAID To Any Station East of Rocky Mountains, except Texas, Okla., Colo., N. D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla., on all orders of three rolls or more. Special Prices to these States on request.

ONE-PLY . . . . Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY . . . Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
THREE-PLY . Weighs 55 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.50 per roll.

TERMS CASH: We save you the wholesalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipment.

Indestructible by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain.

Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to Southern Illinois National Bank.

Century Manufacturing Co., DEPT. 597, {East St. Louis, Illinois, or 1200 5th Av., New York City.